A VINDICATION OF THE CLERGY,

From the Contempt impoſed upon them by the Author of

The Grounds and Occaſions of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion.

WITH

Some ſhort Reflections UPON HIS *Further Obſervations.*

——Facit Indignatio——

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To the Reader.

THere came out not long since, a Discourse, under this following Title;

The GROUNDS and OCCASIONS of the CONTEMPT of the CLERGY and RELIGION Enquired into; in a Letter Written to R. L.

So that here is first, a Contempt, Presupposed; with a search into The Grounds and Occasions of it: and Then, a

Reſolution *upon the Queſtion, Pag.* 3. *That* Ignorance *and* Poverty *are the* Grounds *and* Occaſions *of that* Contempt. *After which, the Author of this* Letter *takes wonderful pains to* Prove *the* Clergy contemptible, *by Endeavouring to* make *them* ſo. *Firſt, he dreſſes you up a* Vicar *in a* Fools-Coat, *with a* Capons Feather *in his Cap, and then laughs at him. But all this while; he tells us in his Preface, That* he has a moſt ſolemn Reverence for the Clergy in General; and Eſpecially for that of England. *Now how to reconcile The* Clergy *in the* Preface, *with the* Clergy *in the* Text,

Text, *and* Title-Page, *I cannot imagine; for he has a* ſolemn Reverence *it ſeems, for the* One, *and A* Contempt *for the* Other: *Unleſs he will ſay, that he ſpeaks of an* Utopian Clergy, Before, *and* After; *and of the* Engliſh Clergy *in the* Middle; *or that by the* Clergy *in* General, *he Intends the* Clergy *with* Reſtriction. *But without more ado, it is the* Generality *of the* Engliſh Clergy, *that he is Pleaſed to divide into* Fools *and* Beggers! *And when he has framed to himſelf, out of* Plays, Clubs, Old Stories, Phancy *and* Invention, *a* Pitiful, Comical, ſenceleſs Sir John, *without either* Brains, Mode, *or*

Money; *This is it, which he delivers over to the World for the* Character *of That* Clergy. *And it is as Pleasantly Drawn, as if* Sir Roger *himself had sate for his Picture. We shall refer the* Merit *of the Cause to its Proper place, and only offer a word or two at Present, by way of* Enquiry *into the* Grounds *and* Occasions *of his* Enquiry.

Does he make this Enquiry, *for the Information of* Himself, *or of* Others? *If the* former; *why does he* Publish *it? If the* latter; *I would fain know, to what* End, *and with what* design *the Thing is done, unless it be to Unhinge the Government. The*

firſt *Point in Conſideration*, is This; Whether *the* Clergy be contemptible, *or* Not? *Whereupon, moſt Naturally Follows, in the very next Place*, This Queſtion, *Whether or no ſhall the* People Believe *their* Teachers; *and* follow *their* Guides? *For moſt undoubtedly, they will do, or not do, the one, and the other, according to the opinion they have of them, or Reverence for them. Again: If he tells the People but What they knew before, he might have ſaved himſelf that Labour: But if he Pretends to a further diſcovery, It looks as if his Buſineſs were not ſo much to* ſhew *that the* Clergy are contemptible, *as to*

Procure that they may be thought *ſo; and in a word, to ſet up the* Church *for a* Jack-a-Lent, *for every Man to throw a Cudgel at: Eſpecially conſidering that the whole Project is Carried on with the Spirit, and Liberty of a* Farce; *and* Calculated, *ſo Pat, to the* Meridian *of the* Rabble; *that if* Merry Andrew *had but hit upon it time Enough; 'Tis forty to one we ſhould have ſeen the whole Story, ere this, in a Puppet-Play. And why all this to the* People? *Alas! They cannot help it, unleſs they ſhould fall to their old Trade of Reformation again, and one would Think we have had Enough of that Already.*

Nay,

Nay; put the Caſe, that the Monkey-Tricks, Apes-faces, *and* Fooleries, *which he faſtens upon our* Clergy, *were all True; (The contrary whereof is as clear as the Sun)* He's but an ungracious Child *yet*, that lays open the nakedneſs of his Mother.

Nor indeed does the ſtreſs of this Imputation lie ſo heavy upon the Illiterate, Imprudent *or* Neceſſitous *part of the* Clergy, *as upon the* Government *it ſelf. For, without diſpute, thoſe miſerable Creatures which he makes himſelf ſo merry withal*, would *be* Wiſer, *and* Wealthier *if they* could: *But the Charge lies upon their* Superiours, *for* Chuſing

and

and Providing *no better*: *And this is no other than the old Trick over again, of wounding our Governours through the ſides of their Miniſters; and tearing the Government all to Pieces, under Colour of mending it.*

Neither will it much help the matter, to ſay that this Enquiry was not intended ſo much for a Remonſtrance *to the* People, *of the deſpicable Faculties, and Eſtate, of their Spiritual Guides: as for a* Hint *to* Authority, *in order to their better Proviſion, and ſupply. For firſt; there is no proportion at all betwixt the Dignity of the Subject, and the manner of handling it: betwixt the ſolemnity*

of

of the Pretence; and the licentious Freedom of the Stile: which runs altogether in a vein of Popular Humour, and Drollery: and it is not usual for Men to address, *to* Kings, *or* Parliaments *in* Raillery *or* Burlesque. *Now as there is a* Certainty *of* Mischief *on the* one *hand, there is not so much as any* Probability (*I might have said* Possibility) *of* Benefit *on the* other. *For,*

Secondly, Beside the Indecency, and Incongruity of the Application, The Inquisitor seems to be no less Mistaken in his Expedient, *than in his* Method. *For it may be Observed, that notwithstanding his distribution into* Fools, *and*

Beg-

Beggers; *All his* Beggers, *are* Fools *too* over and above; *and ſubjected indifferently upon* both Accompts, *to* Deriſion, *and* ſcorn. *So that unleſs he can find a way to Cure Their* Ignorance, *as well as Their* Poverty, *when our Governours ſhall have done their beſt upon the Point of* Maintenance *and* Revenue, *we ſhall be ſtill as much at a loſs as ever, upon the more material Points of* Learning *and* Sufficiency, *Except he would have the* Clergy new-modell'd, *and the* Poor Fools *he talks of, turn'd to Graſs again by* Hundreds, *with* Whites Centuries *of* Scandalous *and* Inſufficient Miniſters, *and*

then

then the Work were done.

And yet after all this appearance of Miſchief, Intended, *and* Contrived, *I have ſtill the Charity to Perſwade my ſelf that it is all but* Chance-medley, *and that the Gentleman has no* malice *in his* Heart. *Not only becauſe he Gives us to Underſtand in his* Preface, (*by way of Anticipation*) *that he is no* Male-content, *either* Eccleſiaſtical, *or* Civil, *whatever he may ſeem to be; but a man may gather as much, methinks, from the very Air of his Writing, which ſavours more of a* Droll, *than of a* Mutineer. *But this does not acquit him yet of Great Inadvertency, in a freedom of this nature.*

nature. Theſe Squibs *and* Crackers *may do well Enough, in a* fitting place, *or* ſeaſon; *but ſuch a Pamphlet to the* Multitude, *and in* This Juncture *too, is like a* Fire-work *into the* Powder-Room, *it blows up all into Confuſion: And though it may provoke* Laughter, *and make* ſport *for a while; yet in the End, it runs naturally into* Sedition *and* Schiſm.

I know very well, that in a ſecond Letter *of* Obſervations *upon an* Anſwer *to the* former; *our Author would be thought to take* another Biaſs, *in turning the Point of the Satyr upon the* Nonconformiſts: *but that ſhift*

will

will not ſquare at all with the ſcope of his Pretenſions. For in ſtead of ſmall, *and* Beggerly Allowances, *they have juſt* none at all; *neither is* their Ignorance, *a* ſcandal *to* our Miniſtry, *but on the contrary*, *an* Honour, *and* Advantage, *upon the compariſon.*

To Cloſe up all in a Syllable; There's a pretty Fardle of Tales bundled together, and they have had the hap to fall into ſuch hands as had rather loſe a Friend (*not to ſay their* Country) *than a* Jeſt. *We ſhall proceed now to a Conſideration of the Letter it ſelf.*

The

A VINDICATION OF THE CLERGY.

THE Gentleman our Author is pleased to spend so much Ink and Complement upon in his doubty Letter, you must suppose to be τις μῆας, some Man of *Parts*; because he tells us he hath always been a *devout Admirer*, as well as *strict Observer* of *his Actions*, and hath *constantly taken a great delight to concur with Him in his very Thoughts*: And who do you guess this may be? Truly I am of the opinion he so far Apes *Antoninus*, as that he writes πρὸς ἑαυτὸν, and means his own dear Self in plain English: *T. B.* and *R. L.* are intended only for *Blinds*:

Qui neſcit diſſimulare, neſcit vivere: So ~~far let him go for a *Politician.*~~ What a *Church-man* he is, he would next inſinuate by profeſſing that he hath a greater kindneſs for our Mother of *England*, than for the painted Lady at *Rome*, or any *Lecturing-Goſſip* of *Geneva*, *Amſterdam*, *&c.* But all this while he deſires not to be called her *Son*, contenting himſelf to be only much her *Servant*, in divulging her pretended faults, and propounding *Reformation-work*, as if he had been Secretary to ſome Committee of *plunder'd Miniſters* in thoſe *bleſſed* Times.

That the value of our Clergy is or hath been leſſen'd, he refers to two very plain things, the *Ignorance* of ſome of them, and the *Poverty* of others. Theſe are the *Jachin* and *Boaz*, the two Pillars or Poles on which his *Aiery Caſtle* hangs; which if we ſhall chance to ſubvert or unhinge, let the *Giant* that built and ſwaggers in't, look to himſelf.

— *Quid enim tentare nocebit?*

(I can't forbear a ſcrap of the Poet now and then, though I know it troubles him vilely.) Now

Now that I may not be altogether without method, I ſhall lay down *three plain* Propoſitions, againſt his *two plain* Things, which (I doubt not) will make it as clear as any Demonſtration in *Euclid*, that my Gentleman had better have employed his time, which lay ſo much upon his hands, in pilling of *Straws*, or catching *Butterflies*, than in picking of holes in a *Canonical Coat*.

The firſt is this, That neither *Ignorance* nor *Poverty* do always neceſſarily infer *contempt*.

The ſecond, That *Ignorance* and *Poverty* are moſt injuriouſly faſten'd upon the preſent *Engliſh* Clergy.

The third, That if the *Engliſh* Clergy be not duly valued, but lie under ſome *contempt*, it is to be attributed to other, and thoſe far different reaſons.

And firſt of the firſt, That neither *Ignorance* nor *Poverty* do always neceſſarily infer *contempt*. Not that I am much in love with either of them, or intend to write a Panegyrique in their Commendation; but only vindicate their innocence

ſo far, as to ſhow, that admitting my Adverſaries bold Hypotheſis were true, *viz.* That the Engliſh Clergy is both *poor* and *ignorant*, (which we are to examine in due time) yet it would not follow that their *contempt* muſt needs be derived from thoſe two ſources: for it is well known to all that are vers'd in Things and Books bearing date a little before yeſterday, that a great part of Mankind have and do ſtill account *Poverty* a thing *ſacred*, and make *Ignorance* the Mother of their *Devotion*, as well as *Admiration*. Firſt, as for *Ignorance*, however it may render *private* men inconſiderable, yet it hath no ſuch neceſſary influence and effect on *publick* Perſons, (bating me that mortal ſin of a *School-diſtinction*) whoſe reputation and eſteem is not ever built upon, or preſerv'd by their Learning and Knowledge, but ſometimes to be attributed purely to the dignity of their Rank and Place. Though the *Mayor* of the Town be but a *Thatcher*, and guilty of ſo little Scholarſhip, that he goes about to read his Commiſſion with the *wrong* end upwards; yet by vertue of his *Gown*, *Mace*, and other Enſigns of Power and Government, he ſhall command

mand an awe and reſpect from all the Neighbourhood under his Juriſdiction: And 'tis neither neceſſary nor true *de facto*, that all Princes prove as *Learned* as *Moſes*, or as *Wiſe* as *Solomon*: ſome have had ſuch ordinary natural or acquired perſonal abilities, that they have been fain to leave the management of their Affairs wholly to the Wiſdom of their Councils: yet all this while their Subjects have not withheld due Honour and Obedience from them, ſince their *ſacred Function* and Sovereign *Authority* are of themſelves ſufficient Guards to the *Imperial* Crown. Where the word of a *King* is, there is *Power*, (ſaith *Solomon*) whether, like ſome *Alexander*, he is wont to ſleep with *Homer*, or *Plato* under his Pillow, or ſpend his moſt ſerious hours, with *Domitian*, in that malancholique employment of catching and ſtabbing of *Flies*. Now although *Moſes* (by reaſon of the advantage of his Education, as he was the reputed Son of *Pharaoh*'s Daughter) was learned in all the Wiſdom of the *Egyptians*; yet we no where read that *Aaron* was any great Scholar, but only capacitated to be a *Mouth* to *Moſes*, whilſt *Moſes* was to him

in ſtead of *God*: And that he and his Poſterity (upon whom that Prieſthood was entail'd) were had in great honour by the People, is to be attributed to their ſtupendiouſly ſolemn *Conſecration*, their rich Attire, and diſtinguiſhing *Veſtments*, their *Mitres* and holy *Crowns*, and their ſacred *Unction*, deſign'd on purpoſe to beget and maintain a venerable eſteem of them in Mens Minds, together with Gods expreſs command they ſhould not be *evil* ſpoken of, *Exod.* 22.28. and his ſevere Judgments upon ſuch as did not reſpect their *perſons*, *Lam.*4.16. And I appeal to the whole Series of the Jewiſh Diſpenſation, whether thoſe Prieſts muſt needs be all profound *Doctors* and *Rabbies*, whoſe buſineſs was to rive *Oxen*, (not *Texts*) blow Trumpets, offer Incenſe, and the like: here was no need of quick Parts, ample Faculties, or much-acquired Knowledge; and yet their Miniſtry and Perſons (for their Orders ſake) were never ſuſpected of *contempt*. Again, if it were worth the while to rake in the Dunghil of Pagan Idolatry, it would eaſily appear what ignorant and ſtupid Wretches their *Prieſts* generally were, and yet had the People in great

great awe. Not to insist upon the salvage, obscene, and villanous Rites of the more barbarous Nations; their sacrificing Men and Children to the Devil, and worshipping all manner of things for Deities, excepting only the true *God* that made the World; I shall only note in *transitu* how things stood with the *Romans*, who pretended to be the *civilized* People: for whatever *Pliny* boasts to the contrary, their hands also were frequently dipp'd in *Humane* Blood, as *Tertullian* and *Lactantius* have observed; and their Superstitions were as nonsensically *ridiculous*, as *numerous*. And however their Priests by the Devils delusions seem'd to *presage* future evens from the Entrails of Beasts, flight of Birds, and the like; yet they were not requir'd to be any great *Conjurers* at Learning: all the Accomplishments their *Curiones*, *Augures*, *Flamines*, *Pontifices*, *Salii*, *Aruspices*, and the rest of their Orders pretended to, were only such as these, That they were of Body unmaimed, legal Years, could butcher and dress a *Bullock*, and it may be *dance* handsomly, and *sing* indifferently, and *eat* well; a steady *Hand*, an acute *Knife*,

agile *Body*, and wide *Throat*, were then mighty *Breeding*: And a little Education qualified their *Veſtal* Virgins to trim up a *Lamp*, and worſhip the *Palladium*, and thoſe *Penates* ſaid to be brought from *Troy* for a lucky Pawn of the laſtingneſs of their Empire. So far was *Ignorance* from breeding *contempt*, that the Politicians in thoſe days ſeem to me to uſe it as the great mean to preſerve the reſpect of all their Religious Rites and Perſons alſo. They knew the *Vulgar* do more earneſtly admire little things and devices hid from them, thinking ſome great vertue or myſtery couched under whatſoever they underſtand not. And he that hath but half an eye may ſee, that *Rome Chriſtian* (who will needs be Sovereign Lady of the *Religious*, as her old Grandame was of the *Heathen* World) proceeds upon the very ſame principle, having eſtabliſhed *Ignorance* by a Law, and requiring *Maſs* to be ſaid conſtantly in an *unknown* Tongue; *unknown*, I ſay, as well to the *Prieſt* who reads it oftentimes, as to the *People* that hear it. What mean all their fictitious *Reliques*, thoſe many Loads of *Timber*, (as they would make) ſaid to be pieces

of

of our Saviour's *Croſs*; the infinite number of forged *Nails*, vended for thoſe that pierced his *Hands* and *Feet*; *John Baptiſt*'s *Head* preſerv'd miraculouſly in *two* or *three* ſeveral places; *Joſeph*'s *Humm*, the Virgin *Mary*'s *Milk*? *&c.* Theſe and a thouſand ſuch little Inventions, and Legendary Tales, as they are undeniable Arguments of a Catholick *ſtupidity* amongſt them, ſo they were never intended to *expoſe* their Clergy, who are believ'd to work *new* Miracles every day by a careful application and management of the *old.*

Laſtly, To look a little more homewards: We are none of us ſuch *Fools*, but our Miſtriſs *Experience* may inform us, that the moſt rude and *illiterate* Men have ſometimes been admired and followed by the multitude, as the only powerful and *heavenly* Preachers, whilſt in the interim a wiſe and very learned Clergy hath been deſpiſed, ejected, and put to ſilence under pretence of *Inſufficiency*. What Parts or Learning were thoſe Mountebank *Divines* guilty of in the late times of Rebellion, who yet made a ſhift to Preach almoſt all *England* out of their *Wits*? Were not

Confi-

Confidence, and *Ignorance*, antique *Geſtures*, piteous *Faces*, canting *Phraſes*, and earneſt *Tautologies*, all the *Rhetorick* moſt of them pretended to? Did they not *dawb* miſerably with untempered *Mortar*? and in ſtead of St. *Paul*'s ὀρθοτομοῦντες, (rightly dividing) did they not *mangle* and *tear* the good *Word* of God, and jumble and daſh the ſacred *Texts*, thoſe Orient Pearls, ſo rudely one againſt another, till all were broke in pieces? Did they not give *Gloſſes* at random, and make falſe Conſequences without fear or wit, often laying the whole *weight* of the Story upon ſome ſlender *Circumſtance*, as that *Dives* went to Hell becauſe he was *Rich*, and the like? Yet theſe were the only *Boanerges* in thoſe days, who like a Land-flood carried all before them. *Populus aliquando vult decipi*, eſpecially when *Authority* (though but uſurped) favours the deſign: For had they enquired into the Cheat, they might eaſily have diſcover'd that many of theſe painful *Bawlers* were no more *Scholars* than thoſe *Geeſe* which ſav'd the *Capitol*.

Then how egregiouſly is our wiſe Clergy-mender miſtaken here in one moiety of

of his Hypotheſis? Alas! *Ignorance* is ſo far from expoſing a *publick* Perſon, that (allowing him Power and *Authority* with it) it is the only way to rear and advance his eſteem amongſt the generality of Mankind, who are themſelves unlearned; and if the Preachers great buſineſs be to influence and engage the Peoples affections for that end, he muſt be ſure to meddle with none but *Thimble* and *Bodkin* Divinity, he muſt renounce his vain *Philoſophy*, he muſt beware of all *Carnal*, though never ſuch *Rational* Diſcourſes; take all his Books and *burn* them, (there is a *private* Text for that, *Act.* 19.) and teach wholly by the *Spirit*, and then his buſineſs is done, *Never man ſpake like this man.*

Secondly, That *Contempt* was ever Poverties fatal Handmaid, is one *Doctor*'s judgment indeed; but if he be found ſingular, what if he ſhould talk rather like an *Apothecary* in that too? Surely the intelligent part of Mankind don't uſe to judge of things by their gaudy outſide, to eſteem the Horſe by his Trappings, the Aſs by his burden, or the Mans *Worth* by his *Wealth*. *Quantum quiſque ſuâ nummorum* —— is onely a miſtake of the ſeduced

duced Vulgar: And that end of Latine borrowed of a certain Satyriſt,

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe
Quam quòd ridiculos homines facit ——

amounts to no more than this, that Poverty (abſtractly conſider'd without all intrinſick Worth and Parts) makes men ridiculous amongſt flouting Heathen: (for 'tis well known that the Principles of Chriſtianity oblige us to make ſuch Men objects rather of our Pity and Charity:) for even the ſober Heathen had brains enough to diſtinguiſh between a Philoſopher and an Idiot, a good Man and a bad; and none but Fools amongſt them were wont to put the *Man* into one Scale, and the *Money* into the other, and thereby gueſs at his juſt price. You don't find any of their *Learned* Deifying *Money*, but all unanimouſly declaiming againſt it, as an old Enemy of Vertue, by Mens abuſe, as *Euripides* complains, ξυνόντας τοῖς πλείοσιν τοῦτο δ' ἄμουσον ζημιοῦσιν ἔναι *Pythagoras* in his Golden Precepts recommends not *Gold* to his Diſciples, but pure *beaten Vertue*, and a moderation of all extravagant

Paſſi-

Paſſions. And I remember a great Proficient in *Epicurus* his School, (if yet he was not more his own Maſter) doth not only, like an arch Wag, laugh at all the reſt of the vulgar *Deities*, but profeſſedly laſhes the *blind* God of Wealth (as if he were a *blind* Bear) through many of his *Dialogues*, eſpecially that ycleped *Timon*, where he tells you, that Pride, Oſtentation, Effeminacy, Violence and Fraud, do ever crowd in at the door with *Plutus*, whereas Labour, Wiſdom, Temperance, Fortitude, and a world of other Vertues, are wont to march under the Conduct of *Poverty*. Amongſt the various Sects of Philoſophers, only the Peripateticks ſeem to have a kindneſs for Money, as one neceſſary ingredient for making up the *Golden Calf* of their *Summum Bonum*: the reſt generally declare againſt it, and value a Philoſopher in his thread-bare Cloak, or Cynical Tub, above *Cræſus* and *Midas*, thoſe gingling Pack-horſes, or *Alexander* that prodigious Robber, with all his ſpoils. The *Stoicks* in particular profeſs themſelves Volunteers for Poverty, and ſpeak more ſenſe (whether diſſembling or in earneſt, is not a half-penny matter) to render *Ri-*

ches

chet contemptible, than ſome body elſe can do *Poverty*, with all the artifices he has. In a word, a man might be honeſt, vertuous and wiſe in thoſe days, though he was not Maſter of both the *Indies*: nay, ſuch an one, though brought to his ſhifts by Tyranny or Chance, and forc'd to the ſervile office of drawing water meerly to get bread, ſhould be gladly receiv'd, and eaſily believ'd by the beſt of Men.

But we need not ſtand to the verdict of theſe Ethnick Oracles only, ſince Chriſts own Jury of Life and Death, his Apoſtles, have given it againſt our Adverſaries falſe Indictment: St. *Peter*, their Fore-man, ſpeaks the ſenſe of all the reſt, (excepting only *Judas*, who for his love of Mammon amongſt other reaſons fell from his place) *Silver and Gold have I none.* The Kingdom Chriſt claimed was purely ſpiritual, and that old Sophiſters large offer not likely therefore to ſucceed, when he ſaid, *All theſe will I give thee, &c.* He requir'd the firſt Promulgers of his Goſpel, to forſake all when they followed him, to carry neither purſe nor ſcrip in their journey, that the World might be convinced he ſtood not in need of any common helps

and

and artifices to plant his holy Religion, and perſwade Men to embrace it: for the more low and improbable *means* and inſtruments are, the more admirable certainly is the *effect*: it made the arrogant *Greeks* themſelves pluck in their horns, when they met with χειροτέχνην τινα ἐξ αὐτῆς φιλοσοφοῦντα, a poor Mechanick beating them at their own Weapon; that a parcel of mean illiterate Fiſher-men, and ſuch like, ſhould reform a debauched World, and plant the Chriſtian Faith in all Nations, is argument enough that the Hand of God was in all this, who works his Will to the more advantage ſometimes by balking the aſſiſtance of the Rich and Learned: And though when the Church was under perſecution, thoſe primitive Chriſtians laid all their Eſtates at the Apoſtles feet; yet they employed them wholly for the Churches publick uſe, and are not believ'd to have lick'd their fingers, and enrich'd themſelves thereby. I never heard that St. *Peter* himſelf left one penny ſtock in his pretended Succeſſours Coffer.

'Tis true indeed, ſince the *World* is come into the *Church*, and Kings have embraced and undertaken to defend the

Faith,

Faith, the face of things is moſt reaſonably alter'd, and a competent Patrimony ſettled upon the Church in general: That of *Rome* in particular is pretty well to live, as we ſay, for matter of maintenance, and many of her Grandees may poſſibly keep up their Reputation by their vaſt Wealth, and outward Splendour: but yet every body knows, that ſeveral of their Religious Orders are profeſſed *Mendicants*, and ſworn Votaries to *Poverty*; and theſe are ſo far from being laugh'd at, that they are had in mighty reverence and ſuperlative admiration by all of that Belief. Nor do I ſee that *accidental* muſt needs make a Clerick ridiculous, more than *wilful* Poverty; nay, without all peradventure, the former deſerves moſt to be pitied, as being ſometimes many an honeſt Mans inevitable doom, as well as *Job*'s and *Lazarus*'s, whilſt the latter is of meer affectation, and ſuperſtitious choice.

And therefore I would intreat our wiſe Author to ſuppoſe a thing that *may* be for once, for you ſee he is very prodigal of Hypotheſes that *may not* be. Suppoſe a Church under the perſecution of Rebels, and ſacrilegious Uſurpers, where the rich

and

and fatteſt Parſons are found the greateſt Delinquents, plunder'd, ſequeſter'd, and brought to want of bread, having no Cloaths almoſt left to their backs, excepting only a *Stone-Doublet*; imagine, I ſay, they are confined like St. *Paul*, and have no other work but to convert *Jaylors*, ſing Pſalms with their feet in the *Stocks*, and preach to the Spirits in *priſon*: if theſe learned and ſacred Perſons be deemed the περίψημα of the World by an uncircumciſed Crew of Miſcreants, whoſe fault is that? Neither their *Poverty*, nor *Exile*, nor *all* their *ſufferings*, impair their Reputation amongſt ſober, religious, and loyal Perſons, who rather admire and applaud their reſolved *Fidelity* to God and the King, let Men and Devils do their worſt. *Benè facere & malè audire Regium eſt*: the dirt and reproaches caſt upon them by foul-mouth'd Men, rebounds all upon themſelves; their unjuſt ſlanders are our higheſt *honour*, their detractions *add* to our eſteem; the *blots* and falſe aſperſions they caſt upon our good names, do but, as ſo many *ſpots*, ſet off their beauty: indeed, if *Cato*, if *Lælius*, if the *Scipio*'s ſhould contemn and defame me, (ſaith *Seneca*,) I

ſhould be moved; but let the Rabble ſay what they will: Mean while, 'twere ſtrange to ſay theſe worthy Men were thus deſpis'd and handled becauſe they were poor, whereas the contrary is moſt manifeſt; their fair Revenues, Lands and Dignities, the Gold and Silver Veſſels of the Temple, *&c.* were the undoubted baits that tempted the avarice of Men ſacrilegiouſly diſpoſed, to fall foully and fatally upon their Reputation.

Now from the Premiſes, every Novice in Logick may infer, that the Ignorance of a Clergy-man doth not neceſſarily render him contemptible with the vulgar, nor his Poverty amongſt the wiſe and learned; and conſequently that my *firſt* Propoſition is true.

But what if it be? will he ſay; if the *ſecond* be falſe, you are but where I left you. Not ſo neither, under favour, I conceive a little ground is gained of him (more perhaps than he can allow the *Vicar* for his *Glebe*) thereby: for if publick Perſons are not always, nay very ſeldom, contemptible for their own either Ignorance or Poverty, then there is ſome way made for my third Propoſition, which will

be

be ſure to meet with him at the long run, and inform him, that if our preſent Clergy want an inch of that reſpect due to their Function, it is to be attributed to far *different* reaſons, and neither of thoſe two upon which he hath founded his pretty little *Church-Hiſtory*.

But what his modeſty ſuppoſeth and granteth to make himſelf merry, I ſhall take the boldneſs to deny, and maintain the contrary; which is my *ſecond* Propoſition,

That Ignorance and Poverty are moſt injuriouſly faſten'd upon the preſent Engliſh Clergy.

In order to the clearing hereof, it muſt be firſt ſtated how far we are agreed, and wherein we differ; and then I ſhall leave it to impartial Readers to believe and judge who hath greateſt reaſon and truth of his ſide.

We are agreed in the firſt place (I preſume) whom we mean by the *preſent Engliſh Clergy*, viz. ſuch Biſhops, Prieſts, and Deacons, as are now (or were at leaſt about laſt *Michaelmas*-Term) actually preferr'd

ſerr'd in the Church of *England*. So that we exclude firſt, all that having ſometime been of our Clergy, are ſince *dead*, and ſo cannot *de jure* render ſuch as are now *alive* contemptible: for what is that to me, if my *Predeceſſour* forty or fifty years ago could not ſay his *Commandments*, or tell how many *Apoſtles* our Lord had, or that he baited a *white Bear* now and then in his Sermons, or talk'd beſide the Cuſhion? There's not the ſame reaſon for *Preaching* ſure, as for *Original Sin*, that it ſhould be entail'd upon all Poſterity; and yet our Author is ſo ingenuous as to produce inſtances before he was born (the truth whereof might perhaps be queſtion'd too) to ſerve his preſent purpoſe, as you ſhall ſee anon.

Secondly, we exclude alſo all the *Non-conforming* Brethren, of what Sect or Party ſoever, who have indeed excluded themſelves to our hands, by departing ſchiſmatically from our Communion. We intend not to anſwer for their ridiculous extravagancies in the Pulpit, more than their other faults: for what do their groſs *abuſes* of Preaching concern the Orthodox Clergy, who abhor to tread in their ſteps?

Men

Men may as well charge upon us the old *Monk*'s Proof of a plurality of *Worlds*, from that Text, St. *Luke* 17. 17. *Annon decem facti ſunt mundi?* or the ignorance of thoſe two other Diſputants, who having reſolved that ten thouſand *Spirits* might dance upon a *Needles* point, could not determine where the *Piper* muſt ſtand all this while. Yet this will be found too ſome bodies cloſe way of reaſoning; ſome factious Separatiſts have uſed fooliſh Phraſes and childiſh Metaphors in their Preachments, *ergo*, the Engliſh Clergy is Ignorant.

Secondly, We are agreed further againſt the brain-ſick *Catharists* conceit, and expect not to ſee a Clergy made up all of *Saints* and *Worthies*. It is ſuppos'd on both ſides, that every *Vicar* is not oblig'd to be as *rich* as the *Vicar* of *Rome*; and that two or three in a County may be connived at, although they be not altogether as *learned* as Saint *Auguſtine*. We know full well that there is no Profeſſion in Nature wherein all are improved to the ſame Perfection: There was, and always will be an *Ignoramus* or two amongſt the *Lawyers*, ſome *Quacks* and *Empiricks* amongſt

Phyſitians, ſome *Idiots* in the Schools of *Philoſophers*, and *Dunces* in the number of pretended *Scholars*, ſome *poor* Gentry amidſt the *rich*, to make up the Harmony of things; and that it were a downright piece of Sophiſtry to condemn any whole *Profeſſion* and Order of Men, for the ignorance, miſtakes, and abſurdities of ſome *few* Individuals thereunto belonging. Thus far I muſt hold my Gentleman's Noſe to the Grind-ſtone, and make him agreed whether he will or no; for otherwiſe he fights with his own ſhadow, and fathers faults upon the *Clergy*, which are either committed by thoſe who are not of that rank, or are not a ſufficient number to make a denomination.

So that the great difference or Ball of contention between us, is, Whether the *generality*, or at leaſt a *great part* of our preſent Engliſh Clergy deſerve the brands of *poor* and *ignorant*, or not? He does not only take it for granted all along, but expreſly affirms it, and that with a *Witneſs*, pag. 81. (as if the Lord's *Lot* were a meer *Lottery*, wherein there are an hundred *Blanks* for one *Prize*) but my ſecond Propoſition doth with as much Con-

Confidence and more Reason deny it.

First, As for Ignorance, I blush for him, to think he could find no where to fasten that, but upon one of the most learned Churches in the World; which as it hath always been able to deal with the formidable *Roman Giants* on the one hand, and those undermining *Separatists* on the other, (for *Papist* and *Puritan*, like *Sampson's* Foxes, though looking and running two several ways; yet are ever joyn'd together in the *Tail*) so I am bold to say, it is now more plentifully furnisht with Men of singular Worth, universal Knowledge, and great Clerks, than ever it has been since the Reformation.

Now although he can expect but little *favour* from me, yet I will do him the *justice* to believe he never intended to bring our Reverend *Prelates* into his Indictment, nor yet the worthy Deans, and other Dignitaries in the Church, Men generally of known Abilities, some of whose Works do not only *praise* them in the *Gates*, but are also famous throughout the *World*. Nor do I think him so ingrateful to our *Universities*, as to deny that they now flourish more than heretofore with all sorts of

good Literature, very learned Men, and accurate Preachers. Nor do I believe he aims at the *City*, since they are fully satisfied in the Labours of their Pastours, unless they quarrel them sometimes for their too much Humane *Learning*, *Reason*, and *Morality*, as being hard words many of them were not brought up to. No, the *Ignorance* he upbraids us with, must be amongst us in the *Country*, or no where. Now it is not probable there should be many Dunces amongst the *Parsons*, considering they hold their Benefices either from the *Broad Seal*, (for obtaining which 'twere great rashness to think they give not as ample *Testimony* of their Parts, as a Man must do for his *Truth* and *Honesty* before he can procure an ordinary *Brief*) or from some Spiritual or Temporal *Lord*, (and it were somewhat sawcy to think either of them keeps a *Fool* for his *Chaplain*) or some Collegiate *Society*, (and 'twere as strange they should search all about for an *Hocus*, when they have so many good *Scholars* at home unemployed, and fit to present) or some Civil *Incorporation* or *Company*, (and they are not so easily bribed, but will have their choice of several persons

ſons all of good note) or laſtly, from ſome *private Patron*; and there lies all the danger, leſt he having an *Oak Tree*, or good *Horſe* to ſell, ſhould cloſe with his beſt *Chapman*, and require no more *Latine* skill in his *Clerk*, than to render [*Quantum dabis?*] into current *Engliſh* Money. But I hope ſuch ſordid practices are very rare; I'm ſure 'tis below the Spirit of a true Engliſh *Gentleman*, (who can ſacrifice his whole Eſtate to ſerve his King and Church) to ſtoop to ſuch a pitiful Bribe or Bargain, forgetting Honour and Conſcience both at once: Beſides, if any that wear that Name be ſo far degenerated, as to expoſe a Benefice to *Sale*; yet where is that bold Son of *Simon*, who ſhall dare to be the *Buyer?* He muſt be a prodigious *Sot* indeed, who will pawn his own *Soul*, by living in a continued perjury, to be put into a capacity of ſaving *other mens*: So improbable it is there ſhould be many ignorant Parſons. And if I may gueſs at other *Dioceſſes* by this, I muſt tell our pragmatical Author, that I know very few *Parſons* who will turn their backs of him in any ſolid piece of *old* Learning, many of them being aware of his *new* Philoſophy too.

But

But the whole ſtrain of his Book tells us, he aims at a cowardly triumph over the little *Vicars* and *Curates*, though he is not likely to have his end of them neither. *One* of them has anſwer'd him already, (but that he was ſo civil to his old Acquaintance, as to be too too free and prodigal in his *Conceſſions*) and, for ought he ſhall ever know the contrary, *I* may be *another*.

As for the Vicars and Curates in *Cities* and *Corporations*, (which make a conſiderable part of the Nation) himſelf grants they are moſtly very *learned* and *judicious perſons*: but then he tells us a piece of worſhipful News, that Chriſt came not to ſave *Mayors* and *Aldermen*, and *Merchants* only, but Country-people alſo, whereby he requires me to follow him into the *Villages*, to find out that *Ignorance* we are Noſed withal, and hitherto are at a loſs for. And the truth is, I have made it more my buſineſs than ever he hath done, to enquire into theſe Men of a *low Church-Diſpenſation*, (as we muſt phraſe it) and will maintain it againſt him or any other, he he never ſo confidently *ingenious*, that many of them are Men of very conſi-

derable

derable Worth, and want nothing but a little of his boldneſs to ſhew their Parts, and a Friend at *Court* to provide them of good Benefices. The generality of them (though perhaps they aſpire not to be made the Kings *Profeſſours*, nor can ſplit the hair exactly in determining the *five Points*; or confuting *Tranſubſtantiation*, yet) are very ſufficiently qualified for the diſcharge of their *Cures*. Nay, there's ſcarce any amongſt 'um all, but preaches *once* every *Sunday*; and that with good gravity, honeſt ſobriety, and to the ſatisfaction of his Pariſhioners; and if there be here and there one leſs knowing than others, you ſhall be ſure to find him at it *twice* a day, Biſhop *Andrew*'s his old Rule being worn out in ſome places, viz. *He that preaches twice every Sunday, uſually prates once.* In a word, if upon due examination our Author had found but *ten* men of worth amongſt all the Vicars of *England*, had he been a merciful Chaſtiſer, he might have found out a very good Precedent, to have *ſpared* the *reſt* for their ſakes: But ſince he writes at random of Men he hath never ſtudied, and hath taken ſo much pains to impoſe upon the World,

World, with a parcel of prodigious Whiſkers dreſs'd *a la mode*, ſince we deſie him to pick out *Ten* amongſt us all who have not Learning enough to diſcharge our places, let him hereafter keep his *Ignorance* to himſelf, for it belongs to very *few* of our Profeſſion.

Nor is he much more ingenuous in repreſenting the *Poverty* of our inferiour Clergy, (for them alone he muſt mean) *by* making it far more extream and deſperate than in truth it is. For if any man hath ſuch a miraculous Faith, as to take his word, rather than believe his own eyes, he muſt needs fancy them a company of ſneaking *Mendicant* Friars, who live from hand to mouth, who are pincht with want of the common neceſſaries of life, and ſpend all their days in ſtudying only to ſtave off thoſe two troubleſom Creditors, the *Back* and *Belly*.

Indeed it muſt be confeſſed that the Church of *England* is not now ſo rich, fat, and well-liking, as ſhe was in *diebus illis* his days, and conſequently not able to ſettle ſuch plentiful Portions upon her *younger* Children as ſhe would: for ſhe loſt a conſiderable Collop by the *Pope*, (how-

(however our Author is ſo civil to the old *Gentleman*, as not to mention him) who laid a fair foundation of *Sacrilege*, by impropriating 3845. of the 9284. Pariſhes then in *England*, as Doctor *Baſire* notes out of *Cambden*. And when ſhe had ſomewhat pick'd up her crumbs again, by the acceſſion of new Revenues, King *Henry* the Eighth knowing as *infallibly* as the *Pope* himſelf, that the Church-Lands were very *good Lands*, could not forbear writing after his *Holineſs's Copy*, but gave her ſuch a *tearing Purge*, that ſhe hath never recover'd her Complexion ſince. Not to mention how far Queen *Eliz.* did *patrizare*, thanks be to God our *Vicarages* are not all ſo poor as they left them; for, however our Author's memory fails him again, he ſpeaks not a ſyllable of any late *Augmentations*: No, he never heard that our Reverend Biſhops, and Deans, and Chapters, have (by the gracious Intimation, and to the eternal Honour of His preſent *Majeſty*) competently augmented moſt, if not all the ſmall *Vicarages* belonging to them reſpectively. And now I have told him, it would be a good jeſt indeed if he ſhould write an effectual piece

to

to make the Sky fall; I mean, to perſwade all other Impropriation-mongers to follow ſo good an Example, and bring them to ſome ſatisfaction however, for I deſpair he ſhould ever win them to refund the whole, and make us all *Parſons* again, although it be a grievance to our Conſciences, that *Vicarages* and *Sacrilege* came firſt into *England* together from *Rome*, and in the ſame *Cloak-bag*; and beſides, Experience tells us, that Church-Lands (like the *Ark* of God amongſt the *Philiſtims*) have been but a *plague* to the Families, and a *canker* in the Eſtates of their Purchaſers, as ſaith the Heathen Prophet,

Vix gander tertius Heres.

Now though we dare not be ſo bold as to ſay with my Lord *Bacon*, that all *Parliaments* ſince the 27 and 31 of King *Henry* the Eighth, ſtand obliged to God in Conſcience to reduce the Patrimony of the *Church*, (to which he adds, that ſince they have debarred Chriſts Spouſe of a great part of her *Dowry*, it were reaſon they made her a competent *Joynture*) yet thus much we dare boldly ſay, that our gracious *Sovereign* and this preſent *Parliament* have already given a ſignal earneſt of their

pious

pious intentions, by reſtoring that part of the Churches *Patrimony* which was bought and ſold by thoſe unhallowed *Rumpers*; and our little Hiſtorian was unworthy to mention that Noble Act, (reſerved for ſome great Hand to record it) for which their Names ſhall be had in *everlaſting remembrance.*

In the mean time, thoſe *Vicars* whoſe Incomes are but *ſmall* as yet, content themſelves to make a *Vertue* of *Neceſſity*, and cut their Coat according to their Cloth. *Enough* ſometimes is as good as a *Feaſt*; and a Dinner of Herbs is more pleaſant and acceptable to ſome, than a ſtalled Ox attended with all varieties is to others. Not one of an hundred of the Clergy but is as well provided for as thoſe the Poet cries up for *the happy Men*, *Quis Deus parcâ dedit quod ſatis eſt manu.* Indeed I have oft admir'd to obſerve how contentedly, yea, how plentifully ſeveral of them live upon a little; and though I have imputed it ſomewhat to their own prudence, frugality, temperance, and cutting off many artificial neceſſities others create to themſelves; yet I could not but call to mind the *Widows Cruſe* of Oyl, and

Barrel

Barrel of *Meal* that never consumed while they were feeding a *Prophet*, and almost fancied God gave them Blessings other Men know not of, and made some *secret* addition to their store: Nay, I have known some of them grow insensibly into the number of the *Rich*, whilst many of their Neighbours have (by their own imprudence, or some unlucky accident) lived to bury fair *Estates* before them, and left nothing when they died but a *Wife* perhaps, and five or six pretty *Children*, by way of Legacy to the Parish. However, admitting they steer but *Agur*'s middle course between the two extreams all their lives, it is sufficient for my present purpose; and I have reason to conclude, that *Poverty* as well as *Ignorance* is most injuriously attributed to the generality of our present English Clergy, *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

Now though I am not obliged to take any notice of the Gentleman's whole subsequent Discourse, because it is built upon a false foundation, *viz.* A pair of Principles of his own forging; yet for diversions sake, we'll give him his *Hypothesis* for once, provided he never ask it more, to

see

ſee what work he makes on't: we'll allow him to ſtand in the Air with *Archimedes*, only to ſee what *Knacks* and *Feats* of Activity he is dexterous at.

When he hath told us with much modeſty, that the generality of our Clergy are *Fools* and *Beggars*, *parti per pale*, he proceeds to give us a reaſonable accompt both of their *Ignorance* and *Poverty*.

A great part of their pretended *Ignorance*, he lays upon the *old-faſhion'd* methods and diſcipline of *Schooling*, to aſſure us he is a well-wiſher to ſome *new* Model, he knows not what, but is content at preſent to be only ſo far a *Regulator*, as to mention ſome very miſchievous *abuſes* of Youth in common Schools, which I ſhall enquire into by and by: for it were not amiſs to inform him by the way, that all Men are not of the *Fanatick Skip-Jack*'s mind, for *new* Models and Methods, (more than for *new* Moons, and *new* Gods) provided the old have been found by long experience neither uncertain nor ineffectual. Πᾶσα μεταβολὴ φύσει ἐκστατικὸν ſays plodding *Ariſtotle*, and 'tis as true as if *Cartes* himſelf had ſaid it, That changing foundations is oftentimes of dangerous

consequence. Historians do but laugh at the mighty devices of projecting *Nero*, to cut a Channel from the Lake *Avernus*, to the mouth of *Tiber*, and pierce the massy *Isthmus* in *Achaia*, as vain attempts to shorten Voyages, and (as it were) cross the Sea by *Land*. Thus *Nicanor Seleucus* went about to cut the Streight between the *Euxine* and *Caspian* Seas; and *Cleopatra*, that which divideth the *Red Sea* from *Egypt*: yet none of them brought their design to effect, but only made themselves ridiculous, for Men were still fain to go the old way. And truly the device of training up Boys after a new method, may be ingenious and plausible in the *Theory*, but perhaps not so *practicable* and successful as the old. Good Counsels have oft-times bad events; and all Reformers ought to reflect upon that famous Axiom of the Schools, *Bonum ex causâ integrâ, Malum ex quolibet defectu*, so far, as to remember, that *all* circumstances must concur to make the Model compleat, since *one* considerable defect or mistake in Ichnography, mars the whole project: *Old* Methods may have their imperfections and superfluities,

Camer. Medit.

fluities, but yet it argues no great wisdom to abandom them for any *new* ones suspected to be guilty of as many more. I now proceed to consider the abuses our Author observes in the *old* received way of School-Education.

The first is, That Boys are kept in pure slavery to *Latine* and *Greek* words, till 16 or 17 years of age: so that if you will believe him, *Rider*'s Dictionary and *Scapula*'s Lexicon are the only Books they do, or at least need converse with for that purpose. To remedy this abuse, (which yet is of his own making) he starts the fancy of putting them upon *English* Authors: that doubtless would be as pleasing as *Tityrus*'s *Apples* and *Nuts* to them who are naturally inclin'd to ease and idleness, but would not so well satisfie their Parents, who send them to School chiefly to learn *Amo*'s and Τύπτω's, for so we are taught to call the *Greek* and *Latine* Tongues. But that they should fall upon *Geometry* and *Philosophical* Discourses for that end, rather than *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Tully*, *&c.* is such a monster, as the teeming *Africa* ne'er brought forth the fellow of it: 'twere τὸ Καινότατον indeed, to put Boys

upon puzzling their tender Brains about crabbed *Theories*, and knotty *Problems*, ſuch as grown Men of the profoundeſt judgments can ſcarcely fathom or underſtand; as if *Hercules*'s Shoes would fit a *Dwarf*, as if *Lambs* could wade where *Elephants* are forc'd to ſwim, and every little *Philiſtim* could play at Quarter-ſtaff with *Goliah*'s Beam.

There is indeed a ſort of *Philoſophy*, which, as it was calculated for the nonage of the World, ſo it is ſtill beſt accommodated and ſuited to younger Capacities, I mean, *Poetry*, the old Philoſophy of all, flouriſhing many Ages before *Ariſtotle* was born. So *M. Tyrius* calls it in one of his Sermons, (and he was a pretty good Preacher for a Moral Man) Καὶ γὰρ παιδική τις ἄλλως ἦν φιλοσοφία τὸ μὲν χρῆμα παλαιὰ τῇ δὲ ἁρμονίᾳ ἔμμετρος; &c. Arts and Sciences were then in their infancy, and their way of teaching was not to tell downright truth, reaſon home and bluntly, and make irreſiſtable Demonſtrations; but to inſinuate Vertue and Knowledge by merry *Tales*, and innocent *Fictions*; and if I miſtake not, they borrowed that mode, as many other things, from the *Hebrews*,

who

who uſed then to be inſtructed about high and heavenly matters by Types and Shadows taken from below. Now give me leave to ſhow our Author the difference even in his own ſtory of *Phaeton*, which he imagines to be ſo tedious to Boys: but that's his errour, they naturally *love* ſtories; and though they have not capacity enough to underſtand a Logical Definition of *Raſhneſs*, and conceive a clear notion of *Preſumption*; yet they will eaſily apprehend the moral of that *Fable*, and tell you the Young Man had better have taken his Fathers diſſwaſive,—— *(non eſt mortale quod optas)* and that none but *Fools* will venture on difficult Tasks they are not able to manage; and conſequently I infer, that to put *Boys* upon the moſt ſublime and ſolid parts of *Learning*, were to make them hazard *Phaeton*'s deſtiny, *i. e.* breaking the neck of all their parts: ſo that let him be as ſingularly wiſe as he will, and ſpend his breath in vain, which might have better ſerved to cool his *Chicken-broth*, the Books ordinarily read in Schools, will ſtill be found moſt proper for Boys, in order to their gaining thoſe two famous Languages, and ſowing the

ſeeds of Knowledge in their Minds.

Another abuſe of Youth, and loſs of time, he reckons the *Homerick* rumblers, and large Repetitions of other *Authors* appointed ſometimes for their *Break-faſts*, which he will have to be as *dreadful* to *them* as an *old Parliament-Faſt*, (an odd ſimilitude by the way; and had the Parſon uſed it, 'twould have been laught at ſufficiently; for let the World judge if any *Text* in the Bible be not more like an *ingenious Picture*, than a Break-faſt is like a *Faſt*) whereas indeed they are not tireſom to any but *Dolts* and unhewen *Blockheads*, who are never likely to be faſhion'd into *Mercuries*. Now if he alone be ignorant that this practiſe of common Schools is not only pardonable, but of very excellent uſe, who can help it? Every body elſe knows, that Children have a moiſt and ſupple Brain, like ſoft Wax, capable of any impreſſions, and that *Memory* is the moſt early faculty of the Soul, which exerts it ſelf in the very dawning of *Senſe* and *Cogitation*, (whereupon *Plato* calls it the *Mother* of the *Muſes*) and is in its prime and meridian vigour before *Imagination* or Fancy, much leſs *Underſtanding*

ſtanding and Judgment, come perfectly to them; theſe requiring a much different, if not quite contrary temperature: And common experience tells us, that we remember nothing ſo firmly and laſtingly as what we did and learnt in our younger years; and that Grammar and Languages are gotten chiefly by *Memory*, and therefore more eaſily attained by *Boys* than grown Men. The learned *Spaniard* in his *Trial* of *Wits*, obſerves very well, that if a *Biſcain* of thirty or forty years old come to dwell in *Caſtile*, he will never maſter and ſpeak that Language cleverly; whereas if he comes a *Boy*, he grows ſuch a proficient thereat in two or three years, that one would ſwear he was born in *Toledo*. If *Memory* therefore be the firſt and principal faculty to be improv'd for gaining Languages, it was capriciouſly done to blame the cuſtom of common Schools for what they ought rather to be commended, *viz.* as well for exerciſing a Lad's memory often in the general, as for committing *high* and *brave-ſens'd Poems* to it in particular, ſince out of that, as the common Store-houſe, the *Fancy* is afterwards enrich'd and raiſed to an aptitude for Elo-

quence and Poetry, and the *Judgment* alſo by degrees comes acquainted with the nature of things, be they never ſuch *high Moralities*.

Nor do I know any ſuch *ſilly Academicks* as he deſcribes, who upon reading *Tully*'s Offices, and the beſt Poets over again at their maturer years, do not take double delight and ſatisfaction to one that never ſaw them before.

As for that Objection in the cloſe of his Pædagogical abuſes, I ſuppoſe it was ſtarted more to dally and play with, than to anſwer: for it is moſt true ſtill, that all miſchiefs and faults in *Schooling* refer as well to *other* learned Profeſſions, as to the *Clergy*, and it neither is by him, nor can be made out by all the *Logicks* in *Europe*, how it ſhould come to paſs that the very ſame method of *Schooling* daily produces more learned *Lawyers*, more eminent *Phyſitians*, and yet more ignorant *Divines* than ever.

The next complaint he makes, is of the *inconſiderate ſending all ſorts* of *Lads* to the *Univerſity*; which becauſe it is the firſt truth he hath yet ſpoken, I ſhall be ſo civil as to grant it, (not abſolutely, and for

his

his ſake, but) upon condition I be allowed to interpoſe ſome Remarks and Animadverſions upon his Diſcourſe thereof.

Doubtleſs *Socrates* was in the right, that, as his Mother, though an expert *Midwife*, could not deliver a Woman who was not with Child; ſo neither could her *Son* make his Scholars bring forth any Science, unleſs they had underſtanding to *conceive* it. And *Cicero* might have been ſo wiſe as to have examined his Son *Mark*'s Parts before he ſent him to *Athens*: for albeit he committed him to an able Tutour *Cratippus* his care; yet the Lad proved but a *Cods-head*, and the Oratour was forc'd to confeſs at laſt, that reſiſting Nature was but like the *Giants* fighting againſt the *Gods*. *Galen*'s Father was better adviſed when he put him upon the ſtudy of *Phyſick*, perceiving he had a ſingular wit and inclination for that Science; though *Lucian*'s Parents again were as much out, who concluded by the Bulls, Horſes, and Men of Wax he delighted to make in his Childhood, his Genius more ſuited with being a *Statuary*, than a *Philoſopher*. However, it is a truth generally con-

confeſs'd, that Lads ought to have Parts and Capacities for thoſe Profeſſions to which they are reſpectively deſigned. What if a *Boriſh* Parent be ſo partial or ignorant, as to think his great *Head* is an infallible ſign the Boy will make a ſound *Philoſopher*, or able *Theologue*? Other Men know, that the biggeſt *Oranges* have the hardeſt and thickeſt Sculls, and afford the leaſt quantity of Juice: And what if a fond *Mother*, by the advice of the ſmall *Pedant* at the ſign of the very ſame little *Houſe* by the *Church-yard*-ſide, be reſolved to make her Son *Dick* a Scholard, (of all the reſt?) Certainly Tutours are neither bound to work *Miracles*, nor yet to accept of *Hobſon*'s choice: for (whatever is ſuggeſted to the contrary) I have known divers returned by the next *Carrier*, as inſufficient, to the place of *Execution* from whence they came. But all this while let Examinations in the Univerſity be never ſo ſtrict, ſome will prove Dunces to the Worlds end, through their idleneſs, miſplacing their Studies, or decay of their Parts, and others be rejected who might have prov'd Miracles of the Age, though at preſent they ſeemed to be of ſlow and

heavy

heavy Parts: for we have no infallible Standard whereby to know assuredly this Lad will, and that other can never make a *Scholar*.

My *Spanish* Author (honest *John Huarte*, who seems to be as well skill'd in this affair as my *English* one, yea, as *T. B.* and *R. L.* put together) tells it me for a very truth, that there is sometimes a certain dulness in Children, which argues a greater wit in another age; and some Boys of quick Parts, and a ready Ingeny, like Summer-fruits, have flagg'd and wither'd in a short space, and according to the Proverb, *Soon ripe, soon rotten*, prov'd very ordinary and dull Men. And therefore I cannot but commend and recommend the practise of the *Jesuites* in this, who make not a rash judgment of Children's faculties whilst they are conning their first *Elements*, but stay till they come to years of discretion, and then make a close enquiry what they are, and which way their Parts lie, whether to Poetry, Physick, Oratory, History, Mathematicks, Law or Divinity; and then, by confining them to that particular *Study*, bring them to a considerable perfection therein, whilst others gargling

all

all manner of Books that come next, con" tent themſelves with a ſmattering of *all* kinds of Learning, but prove excellent in *none*. To ſum up this particular, it appears by the premiſes, that though we may be ſometimes deceived in gueſſing at a Lads Parts, yet moſt certainly thoſe *Parents* and *Grammaticaſters* are blame-worthy, who pitch upon the moſt unlikely of all the number for the *Scholar*; and *Univerſities* are not much more to be excuſed if they receive ſuch an one upon their requeſt or commendation.

After ability in reference to Parts, I muſt follow my Leader to examine the Lad's abilities in Purſe: And 'tis denied to be any common practiſe for Parents or Friends to ſend a Boy to the Univerſity, who ſit not down firſt and count the *coſt* and *charges*, and intend not to contribute ſomething at leaſt to his ſubſiſtence: if they do, I would fain know what *Tutour* will admit him, unleſs he reſolves to be a *Father* to him, and adopting him for his own, deſigns to furniſh him with all neceſſaries for *Back* and *Belly*, as well as thoſe for the *Head*. It muſt be confeſs'd indeed, that all have not ſo large Incomes

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as ſome; but yet withal, that they whoſe ſupplies are two profuſe, are in a fairer way to miſcarry than ſuch as have rather too little: many are forced, for want of that *ſame*, to live in honeſt ſervitude, and the narrow compaſs of *Sizers*; what then? Muſt it therefore follow they are condem'd to ſuch drudgeries as *Chamber-ſweeping*, *Water-fetching*, and *buying* of *Butter* and *Eggs?* That's as very a Flam as all the reſt: No, the main duty required at their hands, is only to hold a *Trencher*, and College-Commons will not keep them at that from morning till night, but afford them ſufficient intervals as well for their *Studies* as *Recreations*. What Man is ignorant that too large Allowances often make Lads prove idle and debauched? whereas on the contrary, they whoſe maintenance is ſhort, as knowing what they muſt truſt to, and being to lay the foundation of their own fortunes, and live by their wits, are uſually the cloſeſt Students, and make the moſt eminent Scholars. *Venter Magiſter artis*, was *Perſius*'s Motto, and *Pythagoras* his *Golden* Scrap — Δυναμις γὰρ ἀνάγκης ἐγγύθι ναίει — attributes a kind of Omnipotence to *Neceſſity*.

ceſſity. Poor Lads may be ſuppos'd to bring a conſiderable *ſtock* of Parts along with them, though little elſe, and their own wants will ſpur up their induſtry to improve them to the utmoſt, and therefore to ſhut our School-doors againſt all of inferiour quality and low fortunes, were an incomparable device to advance all learned *Profeſſions*, or rather to ſtock an Univerſity with a loytering kind of Cattel, commonly call'd *Drones* and *Dunces.* Indeed the project of maintaining all there till they come to be *Maſters* in *Arts*, I could like well, but that, upon conſideration of the premiſes, I find it equally impoſſible with the reſt of his *eaſie* Propoſals? What then? Muſt they down at four years end upon the top of the *Pack*, and thence skip into the Pulpit? More words to a bargain ſure; let the young Man ſtay till he be out of his time, before he ſets up for himſelf: How then muſt he live till he come to be of *Spiritual* age? for Philoſophy is a very *idle* thing when one is *cold*, and the ſmall *Syſteme* will not ſatisfie Nature: Is the Biſhop of the *Dioceſs* bound to give him *Orders* to keep him from ſtarving, or being a Pariſh charge? No danger

ger of that, becauſe he is too young, but that we are told there is a thing call'd a *Diſpenſation* to be got, which will make you as *old* as you pleaſe. I thought he had been *old* enough without a *Diſpenſation* to have had more wit and manners than to ſlander and revile Gods *high Prieſts*, by making the World believe every Novice may *(prece vel pretio)* procure holy Orders. Doth not the Canon of the Church ſay, That if any *Biſhop* Ordain a Man either without a *Title*, or under *Age*, he is for every ſuch default liable to *Suſpenſion* for a whole year? There is indeed a Proviſo, that *Fellows* of *Colleges* (who are requir'd by their local *Statutes* to be in Orders at ſuch a prefixed time) be diſpenſed with in reſpect of their want of Age; but what is that to *Country* Pariſhes? That there may be, or is actually a frequent abuſe in this particular, (as he would needs intimate) is no leſs than a downright forgery. Now whereas he enquires how all thoſe Stripplings that commence yearly muſt live till they come to an holy maturity, I anſwer firſt in general, that they do live ſomewhere; and

Q. Eliz. Can. Ch. 1. 1597.

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though we daily meet with *Jews*, *Greeks*, *Polonians*, *Hungarians*, *Germans*, and other Foreign Pretenders to Learning, begging our Charity, either indirectly, by admitting our Names into their *Calendar* of great Men, or directly in their *Latine* Gibberish; yet (such provisions there are made in *England*, that) we seldom find *one* of those *hundreds* of our own Nation brought to such extremities. Secondly, and more particularly I answer, That many of those Commencers design no other but the *Gentleman*'s Calling; many more betake themselves to the *Law*, Civil or Common, and to *Physick*; several who intend the *Ministry*, have competent *Estates* of their own; and himself grants that well nigh a *fifth part* are preferred in the *University:* all these deducted out of his two hundreds, the Remanent will not be very great, (and considering they are none of them more immortal than other Men) if he please, he may assign them to be Governours of *Grammar* Castles, or recommend them to some good *Gentlemen*'s Houses, to be their Childrens Tutours, and their own Companions. Indeed if our Gentry entertain *Scholars* to save a

Servants

Servants Wages, (ſometimes crowding in the looking after a *couple* of *Geldings* into the Ten Pounds a *year*) and allow them little more reſpect than they do their *Cooks* and *Butlers*; or keep the young *Levite* againſt the *ſmall* Vicarage falls, to put my *Couſin Abigail* fairly off with it, I muſt confeſs it to be an intolerable fault. I confeſs I've read of a certain *Roman* Lady, who received *Theſmopolis* the *Stoick* into her Family, and to teſtifie the ſingular reſpect and kindneſs ſhe had for him, committed her beloved *Bitch* (I've quite forgot her Name) now very pregnant, to his care and tuition; and who ſo fit as the *Philoſopher* to be truſted with ſuch a *Jewel* in his boſom? For, as they journeyed, ſhe had the advantage of eaſing Nature againſt his prominent-ſilver-*Beard*; and not long after, by his careful management of the Natural *Cauſes*, depoſited her precious *Whelps* in his learned *Lap*. Whether *Lucian* made the ſtory to jeer the *Stoick*, or *Lady*, or both, or tells it for a true relation, it matters not, ſince he was but a meer *Stoick*, and ſhe but a *Heathen Madam*. But there's as little wit as truth in that fetch, that any Chriſten'd

English Gentleman ſhould make the ſame perſon his own *Confeſſour* (or *Companion* at leaſt) and the *Groom* of his Horſes Bed-chamber. His Tales are not well laid together: for is it not extreamly probable, that one who rubs his Horſes ſcabby *heels*, ſhould be ſuch excellent company for Sir *John*, that he, forſooth, muſt be call'd down to ſay *grace* to every *Health*? Τῆς ἀναιδείας! What a petulancy of humour is this, to invent ſuch foppiſh *Chimæra*'s not only to abuſe the *Clergy* and its *Candidates*, but to diſoblige the *Gentry* alſo into the bargain? But ſtay! whither will this *Chevalier* Errant lead me? for like a Dog that hath loſt the ſcent, he is continually roving about for new Game. You ſee what a *Preacher* he's likely to make, if ever he be effectually called by ſome fat *Benefice*, where *Henry* the Eighth took no *Toll*; for he is quite run from his *Text*; and if you pleaſe to call in about *ſeven* Pages backwards, you'll find him there only preparing his Lads for the *Univerſity*, whereas here he hath pack'd them down into *Country* again, and makes them ſtand *ſighing* and *picking* their *teeth*, while the *Knight* and my *Lady* are at their

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Dainties. And becauſe he is uſed to confeſs every ones faults but his own, I muſt tell him he forgets himſelf much, and is prepoſterous: for had he deſign'd to treat us methodically, our firſt courſe ſhould have been *School-Butter*, *College-Commons* the ſecond, and the *Chickens* and *Tarts* reſerved till the laſt: and yet the Man is ſo confident as to ſay, he *now* paſſeth from *Schooling* to the *Univerſities*. Which, that he may not ſeem to do very abruptly, he interlopes here one thing more to bring the Boys and his Diſcourſe together, that is, a *good conſtitution* of *Body* neceſſary for Students. Well! how ſhall we do to know this? Why, repair to the *Phyſitians*, cries he: Very good; but the beſt of them pretend to no more than good *Gueſſers*, whether at Health or Diſeaſes, and unleſs they had a Spirit of Propheſie, and could foretel a Boy's *Quomodo valet* ſeven years hence, or could fix a *healthy conſtitution* where they find it, or when they pleaſed, the whole fabrick of this advice will prove (ſays my Author) as thin as a *piece* of *Metaphyſicks*: for if it be lawful for us to believe our own Senſes in this *Sceptical* Age, *Conſtitutions* are as variable as the Moon,

(ſuppoſing no change of Diet, Air, or wonted Exerciſes, for theſe make them vary more ſtill) and ſickly puling *Children* often prove the more healthy and robuſt *Men*; and again, luſty promiſing *Boys* do as often grow Conſumptive and infirm at *riper* years, by reaſon of ſome inward defect in the vital parts, which the moſt *Microſcopical Phyſician* could never diſcover, till he was ſent for to diſſect the *Body*.

Nor ſhould he have needed to argue *pro* and *con*, whether by following his idle Crotchets *Univerſities* ſhould abate of their number and ancient ſplendour: for if ever they be induced thereby to change their laudable cuſtoms, for his *Eutopian* Experiments, I'll venture to give him my *Mother* for a *Maid*.

As for *ours*, he profeſſeth a great eſteem for them, and their *Governours* Wiſdom, (juſt as he complemented the Clergy in the beginning of his Book) and therefore he doth not preſcribe them any *new* Scheme of Education: but yet ſuch a rare *Architect* he is, that you'll find him building preſently above the *Top-ſtone* of *Wiſdom's own laying*. Not that he doth determine

termine positively whether the Old or New *Philosophy* be the best, not he for the World; but only tells us in short, that *Aristotle's Monarchy* is long since at an end, (and all the old moth-eaten *Statutes* (which mention him honourably) out of date, together with a certain little *Oath* thereunto belonging) and we are at present absolutely under the Government of a *Democracy*, or new Commonwealth of *Atoms*. To let that pass, I shall enquire into those two things that so much obstruct University-improvements, and he intends to regulate perhaps, but not till the *King* makes him our *Visitour*; one whereof he reckons a defect, the other an abuse. The great defect is, that *English Exercises* are not imposed upon Lads, especially such as are design'd for the *Pulpit:* A pretty piece of *Reformation* indeed, though he must not think to claim the honour of being its first *Inventor:* for there was a time when those heavenly *Reformers* at *Westminster* voted down *Latine* for the Language of the *Beast*, and were clearly for throwing the whole practise of the *Law* into an *English* Model. In imitation of them, the famous *Culpepper* brought

the design to admirable effect in *Physick*; (*Bonds*, you see, could *oblige*, and *Purges work* then without *Latine*.) Nor was it reasonable that *Divinity* should stand out: for, to make a Through-Reformation, the *Independents*, *Anabaptists*, *Antinomists*, and other Factions, set up publick *Schools* in St. *Pauls*, and other places, (by the connivence of one *Tyrannus*, but not him in the *Acts*) wherein they frequently held *Declamations* and *Disputations* in their *Mother-Tongue*, to train up the Old, and gain New Proselytes to their several Parties: so that he must not have the credit of this project. But that he may go to work more like a *Philosopher* than they, he pretends to back his design with some *Reasons*. The first is, That the Language learned *Men* must live by, is the *English*, there being no use of *Latine* in the Country, but only to *checquer Sermons*, and make *Salveto's* to some *Dominatio vestra*. Bate me an Ace, quoth *Bolton*! The Language *Plum-sellers* indeed and *Cheese-mongers* live by, is the *English*, and 'tis enough for them to read English Histories, Romances and Plays, if not too much. But hath the *Parson* no more use for *Latine*? Hath he

none

none but the *Assemblies* Notes, and *English Divines* to consult? Hath he neither Councils nor Fathers, Philosophers nor Historians, Oratours nor Poets, Commentatours nor Criticks, nor any Books in other Languages to advise with, to perfect his own Knowledge, and convince all Gainsayers? If it be said that *Preaching*, Oh *Preaching*, that's the All of his business, the very Marrow-bone of the matter; yet there will be some use of *Latine* however, till *Lycosthenes*, *Polyanthea's*, and the German *Systems* be done into English; for these are the only worthy Authors a great part of our Clergy are allowed by him. But in earnest, what a strange Caprice is this, to put young Scholars upon reading *English* Writers, as if the Language of their Country would not be familiar to them as well as others without all this stir? Those old *Dotards*, our wise *Founders* and *Fore-fathers*, thought they rather ought to be interdicted *English* Authors, and confined wholly to *Latine*; it being too sad a truth, that many Lads of very good Parts, having (by their School-masters neglect) no great skill in the *Greek* and *Latin*, sit down at *English* al-

together, and by this means are perfect ſtrangers to the moſt learned *Writers* in the World.

Thus much I could grant him, were it for his purpoſe, that Engliſh can't be throughly underſtood and maſter'd without a competent skill in Grammar, and the Greek and Latine, from which many of our Engliſh words have their origine; which is the reaſon that Boys and Women, though ſpeaking indifferently well, yet ſeldom or never write true Engliſh. Nor is there any thing but vain merriment in that obſerve, that ſome young conceited *Students* write bombaſt and high-flown *Epiſtles* into the Country. Is this for want of *Engliſh?* No, nor for want of *Ignorance*; but a childiſh affectation of being out of the vulgar road, and rather for want of *Brains* and *Latine:* for I never yet met with a Lad that could give you an ingenious and pithy Diſcourſe in *Latine*, but he could frame you the ſame with eaſe and advantage in his *Native* Dialect.

Another Argument he brings to commend Engliſh Exerciſes, is, That they are ſo far from hindring their Latine-

improve-

improvement, that they tend very much to its advantage. Nay then, Gentlemen, look to your Pockets, and let them read *Engliſh, Engliſh, Engliſh*, to the end of the Chapter. And how is this Paradox proved? Why, by telling you a ſmall ſtory of a certain *Academick Youngſter*, (*Nicholas Nemo* by name) "who having finiſht "his poſtures at Table's end, made a ſilly "Oration in Latine, (*though he gives it "in Engliſh, and who knows whether it be "faithfully tranſlated?*) wherein he com-"plains that his Muſe and half ne'er drank "above ſize q. of Helicon; that he hath "neither Stars nor Glories, Phraſes nor "Pearls, nothing but a ſhady Grove, or "purling ſtream to deſcribe, *&c.* And ſo, for fear of wounding your patience, he makes his Leg, and *exit*: fare him well! Granting all this were as true as that the Sea *burns*, though 'tis hardly that, yet what doth it argue? Yes, he tells us, That if the Lad had firſt determin'd in *Engliſh* what he intended to ſay in *Latine*, he would have diſcern'd and avoided all theſe impertinencies; which is a *poſtulatum* we do abſolutely deny: for had he taken that courſe, he could but have done his

his beſt, his utmoſt ſtill, although it muſt coſt him double the pains; and 'tis a fond thing to imagine the Boy is wiſer in *Engliſh* than in *Latine*, ſuppoſing he underſtands both. The true reaſon why he made ſuch a *Chicken-broth* Diſcourſe, was, not for want of skill in *Engliſh* or *Latin*, but for want of *fancy* and *ſize*, Parts, Judgment and Years; for *Child* is but *Child*, and *Boy* is but *Boy* ſtill, however this Mans *Geeſe* muſt be all *Swans*, his imaginary *Lads* able to declaim againſt *Quinctilian*, and cope with *Cicero* himſelf at a ſolid and fleſhy Oration: ſo that if any one be ſo childiſh as to believe he comes to the Univerſity to learn Engliſh, let him know he is abuſed, and made to begin at the wrong end. Let him read and digeſt the beſt *Greek* and *Latine* Authors for his purpoſe firſt, and lay in a ſtock of ſubſtantial Learning both Ancient and Modern; and then when he comes of age, and years of diſcretion, (before he engage in the Pulpit) we'll give him leave to read the choiceſt *Engliſh* Books to advance his ſtile, and give him a perfect command of his Mother Tongue.

The other Indictment he draws up againſt

gainſt Univerſities, is for retaining an ancient cuſtom of *Joquing*, as if himſelf were all this while *grave* and *ſerious*, or above thoſe ſmall Diſpenſations. Like another Beardleſs *Apollo*, he ſummons all *Tripus*'s, *Prævaricator*'s, and *Terræfilius*'s to *Parnaſſus*, to give them fair warning that nothing muſt henceforth go for Wit, but what is full meaſure according to his *Standard*. As for their little conceits, he knocks them all o'th' head with one ſolid and ponderous Argument, *viz.* They are uſeful neither in *Law*, *Phyſick*, nor *Divinity*, *Ergo*, they are good for nothing: *Tanquam ex Tripode quidem dictum!* But Sir *Tripus* would anſwer him with a *non ſequitur:* for they are not only innocent Recreations of themſelves, (when they quit their ſubjects indeed to fall foul upon *Governments*, *Perſons*, and *Functions*, like you know who, they expect to be called *coram Nobis*, and ſent to *Bocardo* or the *Black Rod*; without Bail or Mainprife) but of excellent uſe too if handſomly managed; it is to be conſidered that *Laughter* is a great Promoter of Health in general, and an eaſie *Amulet* againſt ſome diſtempers that hang about *ſedentary* Men

in

in particular: it unbends the Mind, looſens the diſtended Nerves of the Soul, and revives its drooping Spirits after a wonderful manner; and why then muſt it be deemed a Capital Crime to interpoſe one merry *Scene*, to ſet off a ſerious and tedious *Act*, more reſembling a *Long-Parliament Faſt* than I know what? And if Saint *John* diverted himſelf ſometimes in playing with *Partridges*, whilſt he was writing his myſterious *Apocalypſe*, why may not *grave* Men have their Spleens tickled, though but with *Straws* and *Feathers*, rather than crack their Sculls with Voluminous *Poſitions*, long-winded *Speeches*, and endleſs *Diſputes* about ſome Croſs-grain'd Theory? Wherefore 'tis not material though theſe lighter and more airy kind of Exerciſes are not, nor ever were intended to be uſeful in Law, Phyſick, or Divinity, ſo long as they have a laudable end, and wholſom effect of their own. Nor is it neceſſary one that hath got the right knack of *Joquing*, ſhould follow that trade all his life, more than he who happens to act a *Fool*'s part well in two or three *Plays*, may be ſuppoſed never after to quit the *Stage*. *Dulce eſt deſipere*

ſipere in loco; a prudent Man at different times and places knows when to be in jeſt or earneſt. No Man ever dreamt that King *James* made *Dull-man* in *Ignoramus* a *Biſhop*, for acting a Dull-man all his life, but for being one of the wiſeſt Men in the company, as he afterwards approv'd himſelf.

In the next place, (like ſome Sir *Politick Would-be*) he traduces our *Terræfilius*'s and *Prævaricator*'s not a little, in repreſenting them as Nibblers at an ambiguous *word*, and Quibblers upon *Lilly*'s Poetry, or at beſt but Toſſers of an Axiom out of *Logick*, with a *Hocas Pocas*, *&c.* whereas they oftentimes produce as good fancy, ingenious humours, lively action, well contriv'd Ironies, merry Fictions, mimical Geſtures, and Burleſque Deſcriptions, as any I find in his *little Letter*, yea or the *great Don* of *Mancha*. In a word, this difficult Province being uſually aſſigned to the choiceſt Wits, it is unreaſonable to fancy they muſt needs prove *Jack-puddings* in the Pulpit or elſewhere, eſpecially when we recount how many of them of late years have arrived at conſiderable Preferments both in *Church* and *State*.

And

And now let the World judge if these two little things are not mighty Obstructions to a Clergy-man's improvement in Academick Studies! Indeed if he could have impeacht our *Universities* of some real abuses, as that kissing goes by favour, I mean, that a great number of the Youth are committed to the care of such *Tutours*, whose ignorance hath made them sordidly *servile*, and their flattery preferr'd them to be *Favourites*; or of such others who are of too large Principles and Practises in their Religion, and own no other, perhaps, but *Hobbs*'s *Creed*; or could he have complained justly, that our *Degrees* lie as open as the High-way for all Comers; that *Hands* and *Seals* to Letters *Testimonial* are common as Stones in the Streets, and never denied to the most incorrigible Dunces, and the like, he might have lighted on something that did really incommode all learned *Professions*, especially the *Clergy*; but since he could find no such *Camel-like* faults amongst them worth the mending, I wonder he should be so Boyish as to make all this noise and straining meerly to catch a few *Gnats*.

From

From the *University* he perſecutes the Clergy-man into the *Pulpit*; and though he confeſſes he has no Authority to give Rules of Preaching, yet you muſt expect him to be as free of his Cenſures thereof, as if he were *Archbiſhop* of the *Province*.

Now as we advance to enquire into His abuſes of Preaching, I muſt needs whiſper an old advice into his ear, *ut Titulum Legat*. For if I well remember, he is now inferring the Contempt of the Clergy from the Topick of their *Ignorance*: And is it not ſtrange any Man in his wits ſhould go about to prove that, from the towring *Eloquence*, and profound *Learning* of ſome, and the abundance of *Latine*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew*, ſaid to lard the *Sermons* of others? Beſides, 'tis ſtrange any Man ſhould be ſo loftily eloquent, and deeply learned as to want common prudence, and not conſider his audience, and diſtinguiſh between an Univerſity and a Country Pulpit. But the Plot is very viſible; for, reſolving to hook in the whole Clergy into his Lob's Pound before he had done, he hath now divided them into two Reverend Claſſes,

of

of learned Mad-men, and ignorant Fools. 'Tis well his word is no ſlander. In the mean time, it's oft the People's more than Preacher's fault he is not clearly underſtood, who being either captious or obnoxious (like the old *Phariſees*) will ſhut their eyes againſt Truths made out as clear as the Sun, becauſe againſt the grain, and not for their turn; and though with Saint *Paul* he reaſon plainly of thoſe plain Doctrines, *Righteouſneſs*, *Temperance*, and *Judgment* to come; yet like *Felix* touched to the quick, they either bid him go *his way* for this time, and ſtay till they ſend for him, or cry out with *Feſtus*, The *Man* is certainly *beſides himſelf*.

Now I know no Law he tranſgreſſes if the Preacher now and then quote a *Greek* or *Latine* Author in a vulgar Auditory: None but *Calumny* it ſelf would have charg'd him at a venture with *Oſtentation* and *Vanity*. Why might he not rather do it to diſtinguiſh him from a *Gifted* Brother in a Conventicle, who talks all of his own head in home-ſpun Engliſh? And why not to ſhow that very learned Men are of his Opinion, and that he deſires not his Auditours to believe it becauſe he

ſaid

ſaid it, but becauſe it is *true?* Authority is a more effectual Argument *ad hominem*, than a Demonſtration, becauſe ſeldom taken. What though few or none underſtand him thoſe very words, ſo long as they apprehend him in much more than they can remember? Should he diſcourſe all in Engliſh, and like a Scholar, he muſt not expect to be intelligible all along to common capacities, more than thoſe ἀναγνώσεις in a Chapter of St. *Paul* read in Engliſh.

There is a ſort of Preaching our Author ſeems to favour, (if he favour any) by dividing a Text into *one* part, I mean, by making a long continued *Harangue* upon ſome certain ſubject; which, if well examined, would be found more uſeleſs and unprofitable than thoſe ſaid to be ſpiced full of *Latine*, partly for its want of method and due helps of memory, and partly for being full of Latinized-affected-Engliſh. For I'll aſſure you, the Vulgar underſtand Saint *Chryſoſtome*'s eaſie Greek, and Saint *Auſtine*'s, nay *Tertullian*'s African Latine, as well as they do the particular paſſages, and whole frame and drift of ſuch a *Diſcourſe*. They know not with-

out an *Interpreter* what you mean by your *rational* Notions, *ingenious* Principles, and *ſublime* Moralities; your *fervid* Parturiencies, *parturient* Agonies, and *zealous* Preſages of the People; your *Accommodations* and interchangeable *Ratifications* of Peace; your *adjuſting* differences between the Animal and Divine *Life*, and a thouſand more ſome of our pretended Maſters of *Reaſon* have raked out of *Gazets* and late *Rodomontado* Authors, to make them a *Schibboleth* of diſtinction, whereby they would be thought wiſer than the common *Herd* of Mortals. Every Man in his way; yet they are not always the wiſer and more rational part of Mankind, who are ſo charitable as to think themſelves ſo.

But the Greek and Latine *Shreds* are not always loſt; for there is ſometimes an *all-wiſe* Patron, or *all-underſtanding* Juſtice of Peace at Church. Not to envy him his wonted happineſs in *Epithets*, though he lay it down dogmatically for a certain Maxim, That there is as great a future reward in ſaving one that takes *Collection*, as the *beſt* Man in the Pariſh, and conſequently they ſhould be preacht

at both alike; yet other Men think they may warrantably take more pains to convert a *potent* and *publick* Perſon, than any one of the *little* People, becauſe in gaining *him* they uſually gain half a Pariſh. *Harmonides* the Minſtrel being now Maſter of his Art, ask'd his Tutour *Timothy* what courſe he muſt take to get him a Name and eſteem all over *Greece?* his anſwer was, That it would be a tedious and endleſs piece of work to ſhow his skill to every ordinary *Mechanick*, beſides that ſuch are no competent Judges: But the moſt compendious way to do his buſineſs, was to give a *Specimen* of his Art to ſome few of the *Potentates*, of the chief and leading Men in all *Greece*, and when they are poſſeſs'd (ſaid he) with an Opinion of thy Excellency, all the World will preſently commend and admire thee by their example, as *Lucian* tells the Story. And we know that the World lives more by *Example* than *Precept*, that the *Farmer* is ordinarily of his *Landlord*'s Religion, and that 'tis ſometime more in *His* than the *Parſon*'s power to make his Tenant a good *Church-man*, or an idle *Sectary*.

But our *Saviour* and his *Apoſtles* (ſaith

he) make no such distinction in their Discourses. A Metaphor taken from the *Fanatick* way of arguing; because they did not in some Circumstances, we may not in any. What if our Saviour's Auditors were all of a piece, all of the οἱ πολλοὶ, or at least the οἱ πλείονες; the Text doth not say any of the *Learned*, or any *Knights* and *Squires* were there: Nay, another private Text asks the Question, (which I take for little less than an universal Negative) *Have any of the Rulers, or of the Pharisees believed on him?* The Gospel was first preacht to the *Poor*, and not many *Wise*, not many *Noble* were called, they being loth to stoop from their Grandeur, and renounce all their Carnal Wisdom, as it required: but since the *Learned* and *Noble* have embraced the Faith, surely there's more use of *Learning* and *Eloquence* to convert and confirm them, than the rude Vulgar.

As for the sequel of his Discourse about Preaching, an hundred to one if it be not *like* something or other. It is not like the Picture of a *French* Lady, who gave the Painter five Livres more than ordinary to correct the defects of Natures Pencil, and make her an exact Beauty: But rather

rather like ſome *Dutch piece* repreſenting a company of *Anticks* and *Apes-faces*, where every one ſquines or grins, ſnears or mumps e'en as it pleas'd the *Painter*. Or if you will, 'tis like a Pedler's Stall, I have ſeen, managed by the little *John* of all Trades in his narrow-brimm'd *Beaver* pincht to a point; how buſily he ſtruts about, crying, (*Come buy my ratling* Metaphors, *my Ginger-bread* Similitudes, *my dainty laced* Prefaces, *ingenious* Pictures, *exact* Compaſſes, *Jews-Trumps*, *Hobby-Horſes*, Thimbles *and* Bodkins, *Divine* Knicknacks *and Conceits: Here's your* Aqua fortis, Sal Armoniack, *Tops*, *Pears*, *and Pomegranates*, *Violins*, *Trebbles and Gingles*, *new Songs*, *new Moons*, new *Almanacks*, new; *ſee here*, *what is't you* lack?) till all the Infantry in Town flock about him to gaze at his little leſs than *Tredeskin*-variety of Miracles. Even ſo —

But in earneſt, let's enquire ſeriouſly into the main things he ſays make Preachers ridiculous, *i. e.* Harſh Metaphors, childiſh Similitudes, fooliſh Prefaces, affected Diviſions, cunning Doctrines, odd Expreſſions, and ſuch like, and how far they are true, or concern the preſent Clergy.

In the first place, we are much obliged to the Gentleman that he doth not confine and tie us up so strictly, as that we must upon all occasions call a *Spade* a *Spade*, (at our peril) but allows us the common priviledge of all Oratours, to use Improprieties sometimes, whether *Simile*'s at large, or *Metaphors*, which are the same thing contracted into one word, provided they be grave, decent, significant and pertinent: and had he denied us, the case would not have been much alter'd; for we are not to learn from him what singular use there may be of them many times for informing Vulgar *Judgments*, and influencing their *Affections*; which is a reason special enough why our *Saviour* used this way of Preaching.

But secondly, We deny all those instances to be ridiculous which he is pleased to vend for such. For what if a Text should chance to be like an ingenious *Picture*, or *Moses*'s *Rod*, or *Noah*'s *Dove*, yea or like the very *Man* going to *Jericho*? Where's the false *Latine* all this while, provided the Application be natural and apposite? Every Mechanick can tell him, that Similitudes are not design'd to agree as one Plain

doth

doth with another; if they touch but in one point, as a Globe upon a Plain, it is ſufficient. And if he quarrel with theſe and ſuch like Compariſons, he is in a fair way to fall foul upon the moſt ſober and even *ſacred* Writings. What if the Preacher ſhould upon occaſion compare a *Cloud* to a Mans *Hand*, wiſe ſpeeches to Apples of *Gold* in *pictures* of Silver, (provided they be not *ingenious* Pictures) *Iſrael* to the *duſt* of the Earth, *Job* to a Cruddled *Cheeſe*, Man to a wild Aſſes *Colt*, and his own *dung*, Confidence to a broken *Tooth*, Spirits to *Frogs*, the Soul to the *Chariots* of *Amminadab*, *Hezekiah* to a *Weaver*, a *Crane* and *Swallow*, the Jews to roaring *Bears*, the Word of God to *Fire*, a *Hammer* and a *Sword*, the Kingdom of Heaven to a *Grain* of Muſtard-ſeed, a little *Leaven*, a *Net*, a loſt *Groat*, the Son of Man himſelf to a *Shepherd*, a *Lamb*, a *Lyon*, a *Vine*, a *Branch*, with hundreds more of that nature? I'll aſſure you it may be done ſoberly and ſignificantly, for it has been done, and none but a *profane* Wit would dare to play with the leaſt and ſmalleſt things when once made *ſacred*. —— *Procul O procul ite Profani.*

But amongſt the reſt of his *Prefaces*, I wonder he could not light upon one grown too common of late, and is perhaps more needleſs (to ſay no more) than any he hath mention'd; I mean, a long conceived *Prayer* before *Sermon*, wherein the Preacher preſents God Almighty with a large train of *Titles*, and recommends ſeveral perſons to him under the notion of *Right Honourable*, *Reverend*, *Worſhipful*, *Learned* and *Worthy*, Earls, Biſhops, Knights, Doctors, Eſquires, Gentlemen, Mr. *Proctours*, Mr. *Taxers*, &c. He could have told them that God Almighty needed not to be informed of any Mans *Worth* or *Quality*, and that thoſe Titles were improper to be offer'd up to God in a ſolemn *Prayer*, but to be directed to the *People* in an *Exhortation* (according to the LV *Canon*) to mind them of that due reſpect they owe to their Superiours. But becauſe he ſays nothing hereof for ſome reaſons beſt known to himſelf, I ſhall for others ſay no more.

Thirdly, You muſt know that our ingenuous Author hath lately been with the Man among the *Tombs*, and raked in dead Mens Aſhes for ſeveral of the Stories

he

he entertains you with. For inſtance, that Text againſt *Non-reſidence* and the device of the Triangular *Heart*, are both as old as *Pauls*. He that could not run without *feet*, was a famous *Divine* in his *time*, (he tells you) but that was long before himſelf was out o'th' ſhell. Parſon *Slip-ſtocking*, and the Author of the *Diſcoveries*, and many others whoſe *Ghoſts* he brings in, have long ſince quitted the Stage; and admitting they were once of our Church, and did any of them act their parts ridiculouſly, yet what is that to the preſent Clergy? If he can't find in his heart to ſpeak well of the *Dead*, and bury their infirmities with them, yet 'tis the heighth of injuſtice to charge the *Living* with their perſonal faults.

Fourthly, You may gueſs he was once of Mr. *Nye*'s, or Mr. *Calamy*'s, or ſome ſuch Reformado Congregation, or at leaſt hath frequented *Conventicles* ſince more than the Church, by a great deal of the idle ſtuff, and lamentable fooleries he hath the honour to bring to light; it being well known, that canting expreſſions, and all that way of *talking*, is the proper and Characteriſtical note of a *Separatiſt*: And

if

if he had been as *ingenuous* as the worthy Author of the *Friendly Debates*, he would have ſet the ſaddle upon the right Horſe, and not have pinn'd the extemporary effuſions, ſanctified nonſenſe, and intolerable fooleries of thoſe factious Pulpiteers and Intruders, upon that Church they made it their whole buſineſs to pluck down by way of Reformation. It is no news to tell how inſtrumental many of the precious *Authors* he cites, were in that *Great* Work. Nor is it any Miracle that Preaching was abuſed in thoſe days, when a learned Orthodox Clergy was ſilenced for their malignant *Loyalty*, and their Pulpits filled with Shoe-makers, Taylors, Weavers, Threſhers, Coblers, Tinkers, Brewers, Bakers, Fiſhmongers, Wool-Combers, and all manner of Ruſſet-Rabbies, and Mechanick Divines: No wonder if there was rare work made with *Texts* and *Preachments*, when every one borrowed his Similitudes and Language from his own Trade, comparing *Jacob* to a *Threſhing-Worm*, Repentance to a *Bull-ruſh*, Man's Body to an *Apple*, his Soul to an *Oyſter*, *&c.* But to lay their grievous extravagancies at the door of the preſent Church, is done

done ſo like a faithful *Hiſtorian*, as if the Sacrilege, Murders, Treaſons and Regicide of thoſe black-ſoul'd *Rumpers* ſhould be unreaſonably wreſted to reflect upon this preſent moſt Loyal and Renowned *Parliament*.

Laſtly, The reſidue of thoſe little paſſages and ſtories he laughs at, are either purely of his own invention, or abuſed and perverted into ridiculous by his Additions or Explications: Whereby it appears his Genius inclines him to Plays, Poetry and Romances, rather than Hiſtory: in thoſe indeed he hath no Law, but to write what he and his Muſes pleaſe; but in this he muſt expect to be confined wholly to *Truth*.

Now I demand what mortal Man ever heard ſuch terms as *Star-board* and *Larboard*, *Sterns* and *Fore-caſtles* in a Sermon, ſince Pulpits made of Ships *Beaks* have been out of faſhion? No, no, they are his own, as well as the *rering*, *flanking*, *intrenching* and *ſtorming* a Text, together with thoſe touches of *Ptolemy*'s Syſteme, *ſolid* Orbs, and the points of the *Compaſs*, and comparing the *Moon*, *Mercury* and *Venus* to *Violins* and *Trebbles*, all his own, deviſed

viſed meerly to give us ſome hints of his general Accompliſhments. Firſt he gives you a taſte of his skill in *Navigation*, then in *Military* Diſcipline; for I can aſſure you he hath *ſeen* a Ship, and *heard* of a Fight: but for *Aſtronomy*, Oh *Aſtronomy!*——let him alone; and yet, if he make no better uſe on't, it is to be fear'd he was born under a three-penny *Planet*, (whether according to the *Old* or *New* Hypotheſis it matters not) however he talks ſometimes of keeping *Ten Foot-boys*, and being Secretary of *State*.

Again, Theſe choice Phraſes of *hacking*, *hewing*, and *ſplitting* of Texts, (ſoft and gentle Metaphors taken from riving a tender *Oak*) making *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity* a little Ring of Bells, together with the Latine Materials, *Hic labor*, *hoc opus*——*ſilveſtrem tenui*——are all his own ſtill. And if he be ſo good at the *Forge*, and can beat you an entire Fiction out of his own Brain, no wonder he hath a little dexterity at the *File* and *Hammer*, to work his matter into what ſhape he pleaſe, to add or detract, bend or ſtraighten it as occaſion ſerves. Indeed he wreſts Mens *Sermons* like a Noſe of *Wax*, as

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Hereticks deal by the *holy* Scriptures, and makes the poor Parſon wind and turn all manner of ways, as a *Rider* would do his *Spaniſh Jennet*. For inſtance, the ſtory of making Chriſt a *Shop-keeper*, (however it comes not in hobbling with a *reverence* be it ſpoken) is moſt ſhamefully miſ-repreſented, the greateſt part of it owning no other Author but *himſelf*. He muſt pardon me if I credit my own Ears more than his laviſh Pen, and any Man that will believe his own Eyes, may find the truth of what I ſay by conſulting the Copy.

Another he brings in Preaching about Epiſcopacy, from that Text *Acts* 16. 30. *Sirs, What muſt I do to be ſaved?* And this (I muſt tell you) is nothing more than a confident Calumny: for *Epiſcopacy* was not the buſineſs of that Sermon. 'Tis true, the Preacher did by the way reflect upon the word Κύριοι, (for it doth ſignifie *Lords* in plain Engliſh) and thence inſinuate what reſpect and honour was given to the Apoſtles and Paſtours of the Church by thoſe *Primitive* Converts: but that he ſhould infer, that *Biſhops* were formerly *Peers* of the Realm, and did here-

by

by claim their priviledge of ſitting in the Houſe of *Lords*, is ſuch a monſtrous forgery as you can ſcarce match it in all *Lucian*, though he is ſo civil as to tell us beforehand his true Hiſtories are all falſe. And yet when his hand was in, he could not forbear ſlandering *another* perſon of Worth, with another of the ſame; who, though he did from that Text in St. *Matthew*, *Seek ye the Kingdom of God*—— Obſerve in *tranſitu*, that *Monarchy* was the beſt of Governments, as bearing a nearer reſemblance to that of God himſelf, than any *Ariſtocracy* or Commonwealth; yet that he ſhould uſe any ſuch ridiculous Expreſſions as thoſe,—— *It is not ſaid the* Parliament *of God*, *the* Army *of God*, *or the* Committee *of Safety of God*,—— is a great untruth, ſecond to none but that I told you of before; ſo eaſie a thing it is for a Splenetick *Momus* to take every thing by the wrong handle, and make that look ridiculous which was ſpoken never ſo well and ſoberly. Now (as we uſe to ſay, *ex pede Herculem*) by theſe inſtances you may jude of the reſt, and gueſs at the Mans Ingenuity, the greateſt part of all thoſe Abſurdities charg'd upon Preaching being either

either his *own*, or none of *ours*, who have but the leaſt relation (ſo much as that of Journey-men) to the preſent Clergy. Wherefore, to ſhut up this Stage, though we account of ſuch as tell us of our faults truly, modeſtly, and in private, as of our beſt Friends; yet we ſhall beware of them that do not only publiſh and divulge our private failings to reproach and upbraid us, but make them ten times more than we acknowledge, as of the moſt ill-natured and pernicious of all our *Enemies*.

And ſo I paſs on to his ſecond Topick, the Clergy's *Poverty*, to examine whether he hath betray'd more integrity in repreſenting that. And becauſe I have already ſhewed that the generality even of our *Inferiour* Clergy are not ſo diſmally *poor* and ſhrimped things as he makes them, I ſhall content my ſelf with ſome ſhort Remarks upon him now, to leave a little room for my *third* and laſt Propoſition, which, I preſume, will end the whole Controverſie.

And here he proceeds to talk after the old wild rate, and hath ſet the *ſecond* Part to the ſame Tune exactly with the *firſt*, taking

taking the ſame extravagant liberty in his Expreſſions, Figures and Forgeries. There is the never-enough-to-be-commended *Irony*, that diſpatcheth one half of the buſineſs, and what remains is made good by the prodigious *all-confounding Hyperbole*, by which he can blow up a *Fly* into the full proportion of five hundred *Camels* put together. When he ſeems to commend, he moſtly jeers; what he pities, he abuſeth: when he would deplore his Clergies ruinous Circumſtances, he only laughs till the *tears* ſtand in his eyes. Take him at one end of his *Glaſs*, and he'll ſhow you a Mole-hill grown up into a Mountain; and if there be occaſion to look at the other, *bigh jingo*, *tanutus* —— the old maſſy Mountain dwindles preſently into a young Mole-hill. At firſt he makes a formal face like ſome piteous *Statue* in the Wall, that would have us believe it bears up the whole Fabrick by its ſhrugging; as if it were a burden to his *little* Conſcience that our Clergy is not ſo well provided for as the *Prieſthood* of old: but all he drives at in the end, is only to let off a Querk or two, and certifie Mankind that the *Souls* of Men are a greater charge than *Sheep*

and

and *Oxen*, and that Money and Victuals were not *Types* and *Shadows* to cease with the *Ceremonial Law*. At length he shows upon the *High Rope*, and advances to the top of his design, his elaborate Description of the *Vicar*; which, that it might be to the life, he hath ransack'd all the Romances and Plays written since the King came in, for Accoutrements to make him the most despicable *Lazarillo* in Nature: "For he discovers him walking pensively "alone in his Church-yard, either with-"out a Cassock, or without Breeches, (ac-"cording as it happen'd to be the *Breeches* "or *Cassock-year*;) and studying meerly "how to live; casting with himself what "Piggs, Geese and Apples are towards, "who is likely to marry or die next, and "sadly remembring that the last Kilder-"kin of Drink is near departed, and that "all his Treasure is reduced to one single "Groat. Returning to the little Hut, "his Mansion-house, he meets with new "disasters to enhance his sorrows, a scur-"vy Mole had plough'd up most of his "Glebe, and the malicious Crows tram-"pled down the remaining Grass: then "sweep comes the Kite, and robs him of

"the moſt hopeful Chick in all the brood:
"And to make up the *Scene* and ruine
"him quite, the Jack-daws and Starlings
"(idle Birds that they are!) ſcatter'd and
"carried away forty or fifty of the beſt
"Straws from his Thin-thatch'd Roof.
"Thus rack'd and tortur'd, he tries to
"weather out his melancholy by retiring
"into the little hole over the Oven, cal-
"led his Study, (*contriv'd there, I ſuppoſe,*
"*to ſave firing*) a pretty little *Vatican*,
"the whole furniture whereof is a Ger-
"man Syſteme, a *Geneva* Bible and Con-
"cordance of the ſame, a Boudget of old
"ſtitch'd Sermons, ſome broken Girts,
"with two or three yards of Whip-cord
"behind the door, and a Saw and Ham-
"mer to prevent Dilapidations. But
"finding his Family cannot be maintain'd
"with Texts and Contexts, (the Child
"in the Cradle crying all this while for
"want of Milk) down he creeps again,
"and betakes himſelf to thoſe Heavenly
"employments, of filling the Dung-Cart
"in dry weather, pilling of Hemp, and
"heating the Oven in wet; and, to evi-
"dence his willingneſs to turn a Penny in
"an honeſt way, one day he went to Mar-

"ket

"ket upon a Pannier with Turkies and "Geese bobbing out their heads under his "Canonical Coat: but alas, alas, in his "absence the beloved Duck miscarries, or "the never-failing Hen forsakes her wont-"ed Nest, at which he either runs raving "about the Yard like a *Lunatick*, or else "confines himself to the little *Hole* afore-"said, being e'en overwhelmed with grief "and despair. ——Now did you ever meet with such a Romantick Whimsie as this in all your Travails? Do you believe he really thinks this is a *Man* of *God* he thus sets out, and makes so bold with? Doth he not fully betray that mighty reverence he has for the *holy* Profession, thus to prevaricate, and coyn an *Eutopian Vicar* meerly to laugh at? Besides, granting there ever was such a forlorn Creature as he describes, yet how ridiculous a thing is this *new* way of Argumentation which concludes from Particulars? For if you will take his word for good *Logick*, one instance or two reflects disparagement, and procures a general disesteem to *all* that Order of holy Men, *pag.* 98. As much as to say, that, if some of the Gentry of *England*, being decayed in their Estates through

their Loyalty to the King, or by their own imprudence, their Children come to be *Tapsters* or *Hostlers*, or any other servile Officers, there must needs be a blot in the Scutcheons of all the rest, though never so flourishing, till Doomsday.

Now I shall not undertake to answer his mad Description, but only crave leave to tell you a *Story*, and give him the honour of bearing a considerable part in it, which (though it be a meer Fiction, and you are requested beforehand not to believe it, yet) may seem perhaps as probable and plausible as that he makes no scruple to publish for *true*.

'Spending some time in my Travails 'at the famous *Hecdecapolis*, I was con-'ducted to a certain Covent of the *Eleu-'therii*, who are said to have been former-'ly a Religious Order, and I guess they 'might, by the ruines of a Chappel I found 'there, (looking now like a decayed 'Dove-Cote, from which the Inhabi-'tants are fled for self-preservation) and 'many ancient Inscriptions in the Walls 'and Windows: but since they are irre-'gular and free from all Laws, Vows and

'Du-

'Duties, (however it came to paſs) having no Obligations upon them but to 'live as their own Genius ſhall prompt 'them. In habit they differ not much 'from other Covents in *Greece*, excepting 'only this, that they more reſemble ſome 'of the old conceited Philoſophers by 'their *Beards*, which are above a Cubit 'long, and ſet accurately in mood and fi-'gure. But leſt I be miſtaken, you muſt 'know they hate to be very like thoſe *Old* 'Men either in their *Opinions* or *Beards*; 'for whereas they uſed to hang their '*Beards* before in the natural place, theſe 'wear them moſt behind in oppoſition: 'beſides, their Beards were truly and pro-'perly their own; but theſe by keeping 'their Heads too hot, have none of their 'own, (40 or 50 *Straws* of natural 'Thatch growing upon the place, being 'with them almoſt a Miracle) but make 'them artificial ones of the Manes of cer-'tain *She-Aſſes*, cut off once in ſo many 'years for that purpoſe. As for Diet, I 'know no Covent in *Europe* which out-'does them; for rejecting all the old me-'thods of living upon Bread, Water and 'Herbs, and ſuch mean Diſpenſations,

'they are plentifully furnisht with all sorts
'of provisions, from the Wing of an Ox
'to the Leg of a Lark, all manner of va-
'rieties Seas or Rivers produce, together
'with all kinds of *Vehicles*, commonly
'call'd Liquors, from the most Chymi-
'cally prepar'd and spirituous, down to
'those of the inferiour Brew-house. Nor
'do I speak all this by conjecture or hear-
'say, but as I found by experience; for
'one of the Fraternity perceiving me cu-
'rious and inquisitive, as strangers use to
'be, would needs engage me to eat at their
'common Table to see their fashions,
'which I was easily perswaded to, as well
'to gratifie my hunger as curiosity: the
'manner whereof was briefly thus: We
'being summon'd together by their *Auto-*
'*maton* or Clock, and the Table spread,
'Proclamation was presently made by one
'of the Machines or Novices, in this short
'Grace, *Ede*, *Bibe*, *Lude*, and then down
'sate every one as he pleased, and fell to
'where he liked best. But they had the
'strangest names for their Meats as well
'as all things else, that, had not I kept to
'my old rule of believing my *senses*, had I
'not seen and scented good store of real

'Provender

'Provender before me, I should have
'thought my self decoyed to some *Magi-*
'*cal Banquet*: for they call'd a good round
'Pudding, a solid Orb, (the Plumbs re-
'sembling fixt Stars;) a Collar of Brawn,
'a Callous *Cylinder*; a Shoulder of Mut-
'ton, a *Triangle*; a couple of Capons,
'Platonick *Eunuchs*; a Veal Pye, a *Penta-*
'*gone*; a French Quelque Chose, a fortui-
'tous *concourse* of delicious *Atomis*; and
'the Chafing-Dish under it, an *Hypothesis*;
'Saufages, a Dish of Circles; a heap of
'wild Fowl, a *Pyramid*, to mention no
'more. If they want any thing, they dis-
'dain to ask it in the Language other Men
'use, but one cries, Transfuse me some
'brisk Lyæan Blood into that same Flute;
'another, Reach hither a few of those Sa-
'line Particles; a third, Pray anatomize
'that Quadrupede, and accommodate
'me with a *quantum* of the *Spina dorsi*; and
'much more I either understood not, or
'was not then at leisure to remember.
'When they had taken a free Dose of the
'*Creature*, as they call it, and their Bellies
'were grown hard as Drums, the Room
'began to ecchо with their swaggering
'and bidding defiance to all the Learned

Men that ever were in the World, always excepting themselves. One calls the Stoicks Fools for resisting Natural Causes, and curbing their Appetites; and the *Pythagoreans* Mad-men for abstaining superstitiously from good wholsom Flesh: another doth but name *Aristotle* with his *green* Bag of Occult *Qualities* under his Cloak, and all the Company laugh out right, as if they had found a *Mare's*-Nest: a third brags of the antiquity of their Order, pretending with those *Arcadians* they are elder than the Moon, and had a State of *Pre-existence*: a fourth relates his Telescope-Travels, how many Stars he found out that never were seen before, and peopled with Inhabitants: another jeers *Ptolemy's* Systeme off the Hinges, for by this time it was a Demonstration that *all* the *World* turn'd round. But I took special notice of one above the rest, (call'd *Boccaline* Junior, Secretary to the Order) who in less than an hours space, beginning with a Preface from *Adam*, ran through all Ages, Nations, and Orders of Men, and abused them pleasantly as he went: At first I took him for a *Conjurer*, for he could

raise

'raise the Ghosts of a hundred old Philo-
'sophers, and make them all dance after
'his Pipe; he could make a Cat to speak;
'he could transform a Man into an Ass;
'dress the wisest up like Fools; and play
'with Religion it self, as if it were an old
'Dotage; but afterwards I understood he
'did all this by the Art of Memory, and
'only repeated the several Acts, Dogmes,
'Resolves, and Philosophical Decrees,
'(clubb'd and agreed upon by a Grand
'Committee of the whole House) which
'he is to keep by his place. Thus when
'they had fill'd their Bellies with Laugh-
'ter, and other good Cheat, the Compa-
'ny broke up, and each retired to their
'several apartments: only my friendly
'Guardian took me aside, and honour'd
'me further with a sight of their Publick
'*Library*, which I wondred to find so thin
'of Books, their whole store being only
'*Epicurus*'s Works, *Lucian*'s Dialogues,
'*Cartes*, *Hobbs*, and two or three more
'modern Authors, with two large Files,
'one of *Gazets*, and the other of Philoso-
'phical *News-Books*; but he soon resolv'd
'me, by informing me that those Shelves
'were not long since crowded with all

'sorts

'ſorts of ancient Authors, but by a com-
'mon decree they had lately Voted them
'all to be burnt, as ſo much uſeleſs Lum-
'ber obſtructing the growth and pertecti-
'on of Arts and Sciences; and were a-
'greed upon a new Model of Learning,
'more compendious and demonſtrative
'than the old, which was ſhortly to be
'publiſhed. At the far end of the Room
'he ſhewed me a pair of fair *Globes*, full of
'Atoms as they could hold, which (he told
'me in my ear) were Materials to make
'*new* Worlds: for if one take never ſo
'many Buſhels out, they ſtill continue
'top-full, being ſupplied, he ſaid, by a
'conſtant *Effluvium* from ſome inviſible
'Rock or Mine. The Claſſes formerly
'fill'd with Books, were now taken up
'with all ſorts of Mathematical Inſtru-
'ments, Glaſſes, Pot-Guns, Crucibles, Pow-
'der of Experience, Louſe-Traps, Sche-
'letons of Ants, Fleas, and other little
'Gentlefolk, Tubes for Transfuſion, the
'the Spleens of Gnats yet alive, ſeveral
'Limbs of Chimæra's, divers pairs of U-
'nicorn's Horns, Phœnix's Feathers, Re-
'mora's Fins, and ten thouſand Mecha-
'nical Knacks I cannot reckon. When I

'had

'had ſufficiently admir'd all theſe Rarities, 'I deſired to be ſatisfied what Principles 'their Order owned? He was ſome-'what ſhie in anſwering at firſt, but when 'I importun'd him, he told me, they em-'brac'd few of thoſe vulgarly received, 'ſome of their main and fundamental 'ones being to *doubt* of all things that are 'not demonſtrated, gratifie their *appe-'tites*, *preſerve* themſelves, Philoſophize '*freely*, *laugh* at all the World for their '*ignorance*, and cloſe with no *Sect* of Re-'ligion, but comply outwardly with that 'which is moſt in faſhion, with this pro-'viſo, That they may abſtain from Super-'ſtitious *faſting-days* and *faſting-nights*, 'and all other moroſe means of *Mortifica-'tion*, they acknowledging no other but 'the preſent Life. And thus in ſhort, ha-ving thank'd him for all his Civilities, I took ſolemn leave of him at his *Covent-Gate*, and now return home again to my little *Doctor* of Atoms, (not doubting but he will candidly interpret *Trick* for *Trick*, and ſwallow one Pill himſelf for thoſe many he hath offered a whole Clergy) who by this time finds it to his purpoſe to caution us, that we have a ſpecial care

of

of comparing Ours with the *Primitive* Church under Persecution, or the present small-preferr'd Clergy in that of *Rome*: for if we do, it is a plain case that Poverty doth not always expose to Contempt, for then they were more obnoxious than we; it was not Money, but something else that preserv'd their esteem, the want whereof may possibly lessen ours, as I shall prove before I have done. And though he be seldom or never in, yet by and by he is still farther out, in giving us a reason why our Liturgy hath not its just estimation in *Cities* and *Corporations*; namely, because it is sometimes read there by *unlearned* Men: for he must either make us believe, that there were never any such Cattel in *England* as the famous *Smectymnuans*, whose task it was to Pray and Preach it out of reputation, to make room for their goodly *Directory*, or that the whole Tribe of *Adoniram* are since cut off and extinct, and don't carry on the same work still in their private Meetings; or at least that their giddy Followers would quickly forsake Conventicles, if they could hear the Churches Prayers read constantly by some Reverend *Prelate*, or Learned

Priest.

Prieſt. ——*credat Judæus apella!* T

His laſt complaint is, that 'tis a great hazard if ſo *Poor* a Clergy be not idle, intemperate and ſcandalous. This indeed was an old Article deviſed by foul-mouth'd Sequeſtrators, againſt ſuch as were fat and full, whoſe very *Benefices* were ſcandalous, but never urg'd before againſt the twenty or thirty pound Men: And all Calumnies ought to have ſome little probability in them, or the *Devil* himſelf cannot believe them. He told you before that his Vicar had but one *Groat* in the Houſe, and who can imagine he ſhould break an entire Sum to ſpend his Penny, eſpecially when there is an *Execution* out againſt it too for Milk and Eggs? Nor is it likely thoſe Pariſhioners ſhould be ſo bountiful as to bear him out, whom he had deſcribed before to cheat him of his Geeſe and Pigs, and have ſo deſpicable an opinion of him for his tatter'd old faſhion'd Habit. Thus he has done with his Grounds of the Clergies diſeſteem, *Ignorance* and *Poverty*, before I proceed to mine, I muſt conſider a little thoſe particular *Occaſions* (he ſays) concur to make them ſo pitifully Poor and Contemptible.

The

The first whereof he makes the great scarcity of Livings in respect of that infinite number who either post, or (to show the *vigilance* of our *Pastours*) *steal* into Holy Orders; there being scarce employment for *half* of those that undertake that *holy* Office: so that, unless they should take up the Romish Tricks of *rambling* up and down to cry *Pardons*, *Indulgencies*, *&c.* or unless we had some *vent* for our Learned ones *beyond* Sea, as we have for other Commodities with which the Nation is *over-stock'd*, one moiety of the Clergy must be condemn'd to beg or starve. But art thou in earnest, my excellent *Contriver?* Is the holy Function grown such a meer Drug in *England*, that it lies so much upon our hands? Have we so many *Tun* of *Divines* to spare? (a mannerly Comparison, pardonable from none but an empty Hogs-head:) so many hundreds ready to mount upon *Pegasus*, and ride down *Sun* and *Moon* for 25 or 30 *l.* a year? If this be true, then certainly it is not probable, that, having so great choice, we should be so meanly provided at home, as he hath been lamenting all along, but rather (small Preferments being better than none)

that

that all our Churches and Chappels are filled with Persons of no inferiour Worth. But is it so in very deed, that we have scarce employment for *half* their number? What then becomes of the other half? Who maintains them? or do they live upon the Camelion's Diet? or how got they into Orders? Either they were Ordain'd to a *Title*, or not; if to a Title, (be it Spiritual or Temporal) there is somewhat to live on; if to none, their Spiritual Fathers are bound to provide for and maintain them by Law: so that here is yet no visible necessity of recurring to the Old Ordinance of clapping under *Deck* again for *Transportation*. But that one half of the Priests and Deacons now in *England* are Ordain'd to no manner of Title (as he would perswade the World to the great disparagement of our Prelacy) is a wild supposal savouring neither of *Wit* nor *Truth*. All that the greatest candour can say in his excuse, is only this, That upon the Kings Return possibly there were fuller Ordinations than before or since, the Bishops not knowing but there might be a scarcity and want of Clergymen to supply the places of those intruding

ding Lay-brethren, beſides that the Churches Lands lately alienated were now reſtored, and the holy Profeſſion began to retrieve its former Reputation: And if we be at preſent over-ſtocked, I have given the true reaſon of it, the only ill conſequence whereof will be this, that unleſs our Reverend Biſhops ſhall pleaſe to hold their hands awhile, the *old ones* are not likely to be worn out firſt; I mean, many Perſons of good Worth and Learning will be fain to ſpin out their days in a *College* Cell, who might have done better ſervice *abroad* in their Generation.

The next thing ſo much concurring to heighten our Clergies Poverty and Diſeſteem, he laies at the *Gentries* door, wherein he ſhews himſelf as much a Gentleman, as a Maſter of Reaſon. Indeed I thought he owed abundance of thanks to his Stars, if he came off fairly in the buſineſs of my Couſin *Abigail*: But in for a thouſand, in for fifteen hundred; and having already ſet out the *Clergy*, he now proceeds to render the *Gentry* alſo ridiculous. But have not the *Gentry* and *Nobility* too deſerved better at our hands, than thus to be traduced, for dedicating ſome of their

Sons

Sons to Gods Service?. Is this ſo ready a way to bring more Contempt upon the *Clergy*, and not rather a mean to redeem their credit, to make Church and State a compacted Body of one common intereſt, and keep a fair correſpondence between Clergy and Laity, and prevent all future quarrels between them, which uſed to be grounded upon an old miſtake, that they are naturally as little related, as the *outward* and the *inward* Man, or the *Fleſh* and *Spirit*? 'Yea, but (he ſays) they 'deſign the *weak*, *lame*, and moſt *ill-favour-* 'ed of their Children for the Miniſtry, ha- 'ving juſt *limbs* enough to climb the *Pul-* 'pit, and an eye or two to find out the *day* 'of the *moneth*, and then leave them to 'Gods bleſſing and the warm Sun, without 'one penny of Money, or inch of Land, 'excepting only a ſmall ſtock to buy a 'broad Hat at ſecond hand, and a ſmall 'Syſteme or two of Faith, whereupon you 'ſhall meet with few of them worth above 'two Spoons and a *Pepper-Box*, beſides their Spiritualities. And now, *Gentlemen*, as you were. A very pretty Relation indeed! which if it were true, I would fain ask our little-mighty *Oracle* whether it

reflects more upon the *Clergy* or *Gentry*? Oh! without doubt it adds a great luſtre to the Family, and commends his Paternal Wiſdom, Care, and impartial Providence, when a *Father* leaves a thouſand Pounds *per annum* to his *eldeſt* Son, and and plentiful Portions to all the reſt of the *Brethren*, excepting only the *Divinity Thing*, who is left ſo poor it can but juſt creep, having nothing but *two Spoons* and a *Pepper-Box* to keep it from ſtarving. But the World is grown too wiſe to accompt all Gold that glitters, or to ſhut their eyes till they be trapann'd into the belief of a falſhood, though never ſo plauſibly varniſh'd o'er with ſpecious Whimſies, and merry-mad Conceits.

In the little reſidue of his Letter, he plays the meer Child, and takes great pains to blow up a few Bubbles and Chryſtalline *Globuli* into the Air, ſtanding at gaze after them till they burſt and vaniſh: only in the cloſe of all, he reminds his Reader, that he found the word *Religion* in the Title: And how much he hath betrayed in the whole *Book*, let other Men judge, and himſelf conſider whether he be not obliged to a ſecond Epiſtle, to beg

pardon

pardon of God and Man for writing the Name of *Religion* upon such a *Fardel* of scandalous Petulancies and Legendary Tales, unless he will be so ingenuous (now the *High-Commission-Court* is asleep) to undergo a voluntary *Penance* at some convenient Market-Cross, with the Title of his Accusation written under him, *The Author of the Contempt of the Clergy and of Religion.* Where I shall leave him, and proceed to my third and last Proposition, which is this, *That if the English Clergy be not truly valued, it is to be attributed to other, and those far different Reasons:* which once demonstrated and made good, it will appear evidently that his Letter being built upon a wrong Foundation, falls of it self, and may be burnt without any prejudice to Truth or Reason, and consequently I hope the deluded World will be undeceived.

We must confess to our sorrow more than shame, that the holy Function hath been little set by, nay much disparaged and affronted of late years amongst us, (for by the Grace of God they have deserved better at the hands of Men than every rash young *Shimei* will allow them) the

true Reaſons whereof will ſoon appear, if we conſider who and what manner of Perſons they are who do moſt induſtriouſly throw Contempt upon them; and they muſt be either our profeſſed *Enemies*, or pretended *Friends*. Now our Churches *Enemies* are reducible to *three* principal Herds or Bands: The *firſt* whereof are the openly debauched, profane, and Men Atheiſtically diſpoſed, who think they were born at all adventures, and came into the World, as the *Leviathan* was ſent into the *Deep*, meerly to ſport and take their paſtime therein; who are as wiſe in their own eyes as *David*'s *Fool*, and ſay in their hearts, *There is no God*; who laugh at all things ſacred, as being out of their Element, and make no more accompt of *Religion* than of an ordinary piece of State-Policy. It may be they wear the name of *Chriſtians* at large, and own themſelves of *ours* rather than any other *Church* for faſhions ſake, or ſaving their credit, or ſome ſecular intereſt: but if you examine their Principles and Practiſes more narrowly, they will be found to belong rather to the Devil's *Chappel*. For were they hearty and in earneſt, they could not poſſibly dif-

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ſer from all Sects of *Religioniſts* in the World, who do conſtantly admire and reverence their reſpective *Prieſts* and *Preachers* in what quality or circumſtances ſoever they be. But the Grandees and moſt robuſt among theſe modern *Sadduces* don't level their ſcoffs and reproaches ſo low as the inferiour Clergy, the little *Vicars* and *Curates* (that were *impar congreſſus*, and a fitter task for ſome young beginner, ſome *Novice* in Raillery, who hath juſt parts and skill enough to make a Cobweb-Net that will take the leſſer Flies) but aim rather at the chiefeſt of our Church-Governors, it being a more noble Conqueſt, a more ſure and expedite way to wound *Religion* (that's the great project) through their ſides. They are ſo far from accompting the *Elders* that rule *never* ſo well worthy of *double*, nay *ſingle* Honour, that they fear not to *revile* Gods *higheſt Prieſts*, to deride, ſlander and lampoon the moſt renowned Prelate, even when he hath his moſt ſolemn audience, when he is delivering his Embaſſie from the great *Monarch* of Heaven, to his *Vicegerent* here on Earth. So that it is no fault of our *Religion*, or of the *Miniſtry* thereof, but

ruinous decay of *Christian Piety* supplanted of late by Unchristian Practise, (for the true Causes whereof, I refer my Readers to that excellent *Tractate*, whose *Author*'s Name the World is hitherto unworthy of) which prompts this Herd of brutish *Hectors* to defie and contemn our *Clergy* and *Religion* both.

A second Band of our Churches Enemies are the *Popish Recusants*; who, taking the advantage of our late intestine differences; and having learnt of St. *Peter*'s pretended Successour to fish most advantagiously in *troubled waters*, have much augmented, if not doubled their ancient number. And he that made such a grievous complaint of our being so much over-stock'd with *Divines*, had never heard of the *Jesuites* brags beyond Sea sure, Sir *Edwyn Sandys* tells us of, that the English *Seminaries* abroad send forth more *Priests* than our two Universities at home do *Ministers*: And where should the Scene of their Action be laid more properly than in their own Country? What greater service can they do the Court of *Rome*, than to infect and poison their Native Air with foreign Vapours? Who more fit to throw

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the Kingdom into a Church-relapſe, than they who are ſo well acquainted with the Temper, Language, Manners, Cuſtoms, Laws and Religion of the Country? It is not to be queſtion'd but they, and all the Proſelytes they either find, or make amongſt us, are no Favourers of our *Religion* or *Clergy*, but do privately and openly (when they dare) calumniate and decry both, as deſtructive to the Game and Intereſt they are to manage; and the true and only reaſon of their contemning and vilifying us, is an eager deſire of enlarging their own Territories, that the *Romans* might come in once again, and take away both our *Place* and *Nation*. And therefore that our Church neither is, nor expects to be prized by them, more than others they are pleas'd to call *Hereticks*, (becauſe they cannot digeſt their corrupt Innovations for current Goſpel) is their *Goodneſs* more than our *Deſert*.

The *third* and laſt Body of our Churches Enemies, are the *Fanatick Recuſants* in the other extream: for though *Manaſſeh* declares fiercely againſt *Ephraim*, and *Ephraim* exclaims as much againſt *Manaſſeh*; yet both combine and unite their forces

againſt the *Common Enemy*, poor *Judah*. And truly to ſpeak freely, and give theſe latter their due, I muſt needs ſay the Church of *England* hath ſuſter'd very much of late in her *Reputation* by their means: for they are a ſort of clamorous *Zealots*, reſtleſs and troubleſom *Saints*, as ever pretended to be of *Chriſts* retinue, who are for reforming *Church* and *State*, and all things but themſelves and their own pernicious Opinions. *Seneca*'s character of unſtable Men ſeems to be calculated particularly for them, *Nihil liberè volunt, nihil abſolutè, nihil ſemper:* for they know not what they would have; and if you grant all their unreaſonable demands, they are not ſatisfied, but ſtill crying with the *Daughters* of the *Horſe-leech*, *Give, give.* They had too preciſe thoughts of themſelves to continue in our Communion; and therefore, like the young brood of *Vipers*, made their way through their *Mothers* Bowels to procure their *own* liberty: And that there might be room for a *new* Model of Government, neceſſity obliged them to pluck down the *old* one firſt. To this end all their artifices, eſpecially *Preachments*, were directed, they crying

crying out against *Episcopacy*, as the children of *Edom* did of old against *Jerusalem*, *Down with it, down with it, even to the ground*; making nothing to call it opprobiously the *Prelatical Faction*, (though themselves are forc'd to confess it is such a *Faction* as hath troubled the Church ever since the *Apostles* times) and by this means they quickly begat an *odium* in Mens Minds as well against the ancient Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, as against the Persons of the Bishops and Orthodox Clergy for their sakes. To them we owe all that Anarchy in Spiritual and Civil Matters, which, like a thick Cloud, did so long overspread us, and broke out at length into Thunder and Lightning about our ears; 'twas the fruit of their worthy Labours that our *Goshen* was turned into an *Egypt* by Usurping Tyrants who knew not *Joseph*, and the *Rod* of *Aaron* served for no other use a long time but to scourge the Sons of *Levi*. Nor is it any wonder that the prejudices they raised against our Liturgy and its Assertours are not yet worn out, considering how presumptuously and in despight of all Law both Sacred and Civil, the Nonconformists still

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keep up their private *Conventicles* to confirm the Brethren in all the falſe Notions they had formerly imbibed. But all this while the true reaſon that this whole Party (taking in all its ſub-diviſions) deſpiſe and oppoſe our Reverend Clergy, is, for their conſtant and approved Loyalty to *God* and the *King*, and ſticking cloſe to both in all Weathers, it being their moſt ſacred Principle, *Not to meddle with them that are given to Change.*

How great a part of the Nation theſe three Squadrons of our Churches Enemies make, is too ſad a Theme for me to enlarge upon; they have over-ſpread the Land like Locuſts, and 'twould puzzle a very good Arithmetician to compute them: it is ſufficient for my preſent purpoſe that none of them diſlike our Clergy either for their *Ignorance* or *Poverty*, (for the more Rich and Learned it is, the worſe they hate or envy it) but upon vaſtly different Motives; the firſt ſpeak evil of them (and all things ſacred) purely on the accompt of their own *irreligion*; the ſecond, for their oppoſing the corrupted Doctrine and Diſcipline of *Rome*; the third, for their malignant *Loyalty* and re-

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ſolv'd *Obedience* to God and his Church, maugre all *Scotiſh Covenants* or *Geneva* Models.

The reſidue of the Nation we ſhall allow to be either in reality or pretence at leaſt ſo far the Churches Friends, as that they are not likely to be tempted in haſte to throw off her Communion upon any ſcore; and yet I muſt freely grant, that neither have many of them ſo juſt an eſteem and value for the *holy* Function as they ought to have.

However, if we find out a more probable and ſubſtantial Reaſon why they are alſo wanting in their due eſtimation of the Prieſthood, than either of thoſe two our ſmall Conjecturer hath hit upon, his buſineſs, I preſume, will be compleatly done; he may e'en ſit him down and gueſs again, or rather take the Poets advice along with him for the future,

Sumite materiam veſtris qui ſcribitis æ-
Viribus——— (quam

and chuſe ſome fitter ſubject for him and his idle Muſes to play with next time, and not ἐμβαλδεῖν, not *intrude* into thoſe things he *underſtands* not.

Now

Now if we would ſpeak out, and anſwer plainly and truly how it comes to paſs that ſo many of our pretended Friends give us not due reſpect and honour, we muſt ſay it is becauſe our *Clergy* are not publickly allowed the *Authority* due to their Function, and neceſſary for executing the power of the *Keys*; I mean, the want of that godly Diſcipline of *Confeſſion* and *Penance* in the Primitive Church, which our Church of *England* hath long ſince wiſhed for, and Sir *Edwyn Sandys* ſaith might have been better reſtored in all the *reformed* Churches to its Primitive ſincerity, than utterly aboliſhed and neglected as in moſt places it is: for although we do juſtly charge the preſent Church of *Rome* for corrupting and degenerating from this ancient holy Diſcipline by their notorious abuſes of it, particularly by their laying the main ſtreſs and efficacy of it, upon the definitive ſentence of *Abſolution*, (which, according to the *Trent* Council, is given before any fruits of Repentance are produced, and requires no after penance, but a few *Ave Maries* and *Pater Noſters*, with ſome eaſie *Alms* to them that are *able*, and a little *faſting* to ſuch as are *willing*;

ling; and ſometimes for horrible Blaſphemies, and other lewdneſſes, impoſeth only the bare ſaying of their Beads thrice over, which they may diſpatch too as they go in the ſtreets:) their believing and teaching that by ſuch like Penances the debt of temporal puniſhment is redeemed after the ſin is pardoned, the people all this while making accompt of *Confeſſion* as profeſſed Drunkards do of vomiting, and the Prieſt uſing it as a Pick-lock to tyrannize over, and torture Mens Conſciences, and make way for the dangerous deluſions of *Indulgences*; yet, I ſay, no Reformed Church can excuſe it ſelf, which to avoid their extravagant abuſes, is faln into the other extream, and lets the ſober uſe of ſo excellent a piece of Diſcipline grow into utter deſuetude and neglect; for it muſt not, it cannot be denied in the firſt place, but that the power of the Keys (to be executed not only in admitting Diſciples to Church-membership by Baptiſm, but alſo in rejecting Heretical, Schiſmatical and immoral Profeſſours, and then abſolving and re-admitting them into Communion, upon their unfeigned ſubmiſſion, and demonſtrations of ſincere Repentance)

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is founded immediately upon our Lords own Inſtitution, and the Apoſtles and their Succeſſours to the Worlds end, derive their Authority from, and act by the ſame Commiſſion given them, St. *Matth.* 18. 18. *Whatſoever ye* bind *on earth, ſhall be bound in heaven; and whatſoever ye looſe on earth, ſhall be looſed in heaven*; or as it is explained and renewed, St. *John* 20. 23. *Whoſe ſins ſoever ye* remit, *they are* remitted *unto them; and whoſe ſins ſoever ye retain, they are retained.*

Nor, Secondly, can it be denied by any Man that is acquainted with the Sects of the *Montaniſts*, *Novatians*, *Donatiſts*, and *Meletians*, and underſtands the practice of the Primitive Church, legible in the Writings of the Apoſtles, ancient Fathers and Councils, (particularly that of *Elvira* in *Spain*, held divers years before that at *Nicæa*, and therefore counted as ancient as any the Church hath) but that the cure of ſin by penance is an unqueſtionable Tradition of the Apoſtles. Not to mention many other obvious Texts to that purpoſe, the moſt natural and primary meaning of St. *Paul*'s charge to *Timothy*, 1 *Tim.* 5. 22. *Lay hands ſuddenly on*

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no man, neither be partaker of other mens sins, must needs be fetcht from that known Apostolical Custom, of admitting lapsed Christians to penance and the Prayers of the Church by imposition of hands.

Thirdly and lastly, Secret Confession of Sins (otherwise not notorious) in order to their cure, hath been the inviolate practice of the Western (bating their abuses aforesaid) and also of the Eastern Churches, particularly that of *Constantinople*, even to this day; and it is recommended and pressed as a duty incumbent on the generality of Christians, as well by the ancient Fathers as modern Authors both of the *Roman* Church, and also of the Reformation. The *Augustine* Confession says peremptorily, *Impium esset ex Ecclesiâ tollere privatam Absolutionem*, That it were an ungodly, a sacrilegious thing to rob the Church of Christ of private Absolution. And *Chemnitius* in his *Examen Concil. Trid.* gives a fivefold accompt of the use and profitableness of this Discipline of private Confession.

1. For the information of the ignorant concerning the true knowledge, the degrees and heinousness of sin, and the right

right way of performing repentance.

2. For Physick, *viz.* how each sin is so to be cured and mortified, that it may be avoided for the future, and what amendment of life is to be opposed to such and such sins.

3. For Counsel, that in doubtful cases Pastours may advise and instruct their Flocks out of Gods Word.

4. For Spiritual Comfort, to relieve disturbed Consciences.

Lastly, (because Absolution is to be given only to such as appear truly penitent) that the Pastour himself may be assured whether he ought to *bind* or *loose*.

Our Church of *England* in particular refuseth the benefit of it to none, urgeth it *in extremis*, and requires it for quieting of troubled Consciences, as is manifest in her several Offices of the *Communion*, and the *Visitation* of the sick. Notwithstanding all this, woful experience tells us, that the practice of this holy Discipline hath been declining every day more and more ever since that desperate opinion was first broacht in the World, That Men are *justified by believing they are predestinated to life*, (which resolves all Christian Duties into

a new notion of *Faith*, little different from a *ſtrong fancy*) and is now grown almoſt utterly out of faſhion amongſt us, and never (I fear) likely to recover its ancient practiſe. Now the want of this moſt reaſonable and neceſſary Diſcipline, is attended with very many dangerous conſequences, ſuch as theſe: The practiſe of religious Duties in general runs to decay: Men grow accuſtomed to, and at length hardned in their ſins, by ſatisfying themſelves with a ſuperficial repentance, or none at all: They content themſelves with a palliative cure oft-times in ſtead of a ſound one, by reaſon of their own ignorance or partiality; for every Man hath not skill enough to be his own Phyſitian; and they that have, do wilfully miſtake ſometimes a Cordial for a Corroſive: They ruſh unworthily upon that *Tremendum Evangelii Myſterium*, (as Saint *Auguſtine* calls the Sacrament of the Euchariſt) without due preparation: They fall into Hereſies and Errours by leaning to their own underſtanding, by miſ-interpreting or miſ-applying the holy Scriptures, and not conſulting with, and ſubmitting to better Judgments: Their Conſciences are ſeldom

quiet, but like the troubled Sea, boyling up deſpairing thoughts, becauſe they apply not themſelves to the Delegates and Commiſſaries of Him, whom the *Winds* and the *Sea obeyed*, I mean, the Prieſts of the living God: They venture their Salvation upon ſlender and uncertain Evidences, and hinder their Paſtour from doing the beſt Offices he can for them, (and moſt likely to ſucceed) in order thereunto: All that they will allow him, is, to ſhoot at rovers, and preach his heart out in chaſtiſing ſin in general, whereas an occaſional private conference with *Him* now and then, were much more probable to effect their particular cure. No Man ever doubted, but one good remedy well applied by a skilful Hand, is more likely to cure a Man of the Gout or Dropſie, than the hearing of five hundred Anatomy-Lectures to that purpoſe. And amongſt many *other* ill conſeqences, this is evidently *one*, That the power of the *Keys* is in part taken away, the due Authority of the Prieſthood reſtrained and impaired, and conſequently their eſteem leſſen'd, their Function not valued as it ought to be by the People, and their Perſons ſometimes

expoſed

expoſed to Contempt: And therefore let but this ancient holy Diſcipline be reſtored amongſt us, either by a publick Act of the Church, or by the unanimous practiſe of thoſe that profeſs themſelves of our Communion, and then let common ſenſe judge if theſe effects will not neceſſarily follow upon it: The Life of Religion will quickly grow more into faſhion: Men will be more careful of diſcharging their Baptiſmal Vow, more afraid of ſin, more ſincere in their Repentance, Faſtings, Prayers, and Works of Charity, and conſequently the People muſt needs believe that their Paſtours *belong to God more than ordinary Folks*; they cannot but have a hearty reſpect, and honourable eſteem for their Spiritual Guides and Phyſitians, who watch daily over their Souls, by whoſe prudent Conduct, faithful Advices, and ghoſtly Comfort, they live quietly and peaceably here in all Godlineſs and Honeſty, and in the end attain to Everlaſting Life.

The Concluſion.

NOw having ſo fair an occaſion offered, give me leave to expoſtulate a while with all thoſe who profeſs themſelves of our Communion, and yet do not heartily reſpect and value the *holy Function*, meerly becauſe they neglect the uſe of that Catholick and Apoſtolick Diſcipline aforeſaid, and I have done.

When our *Enemies* reproach us, we can bear it cheerfully, *rejoycing* (with the Apoſtles, *Acts* 5. 41.) *that we are counted worthy to ſuffer ſhame for his Name*. But if you that are our *Companions* and dear *Brethren*, *who walk together with us to the Houſe of God as Friends*, Pſal. 55. who have eaten frequently (not of our *Bread* perhaps, as *David* complains, but) of the *Bread* of *Life* adminiſtred by us; if *You* alſo undervalue our Perſons or Office when we deſerve it not, (ſo far we are compelled to boaſt of our Infirmities) *Forgive us this wrong*. Καὶ οὐ τέτοιον; —— an undeſerved ſlight from her own *Sons* is the greateſt

greateſt ſtab you can make at your indulgent *Mothers* Heart. Wherefore let me beſeech you in Her Name to take theſe few ſhort particulars into your moſt ſerious and impartial thoughts.

Conſider, Firſt, that whilſt you continue *unkind* towards us, you are all this while much more *cruel* to your ſelves: for we loſe only a Temporal Good, your favour, but you deprive your ſelves of many Spiritual Comforts, and poſſibly hazard your Eternal too.

Conſider, Secondly, that you are eaſily perſwaded to ſend for a Phyſitian when you lie ſick of a malignant Feaver, and to conceive a good opinion of him when (under God) he reſtores you from Death to Life; and what ſhould be the reaſon that a mortal *Body* is prized ſo highly above an immortal *Soul*? or what prudence is it to be more ſollicitous for preſerving a *Temporal*, than for ſecuring an *Eternal* Life? Neither Phyſitian is likely to do you much ſervice, if you defer conſulting them till the laſt gaſp upon your Death-bed, as the manner of ſome is; and if you be ſhie of diſcovering your Diſeaſe to *either*, what expectations

can you reasonably have of being cured? *Si erubescat ægrotus Medico vulnus confiteri, quod ignorat Medicina, non curat*, saith St. *Hierome* upon this very subject: Although our Lord and Master hath committed the power of the *Keys* to us, yet you must give us power to exercise them upon you by your own voluntary act, or you cannot reap due advantage by them.

Consider, Thirdly, that the Apostles express command is general, that ye should *confess your sins one to another*, St. *James* 5. 16. Now the reason of that command is clear both by the Context and the reason of the thing, *viz.* that ye may have the benefit of the Prayers, and Christian *advice* of *others*, no Man being a competent judge in his *own* cause. Much more then ought you to unbosom your selves, and disclose your grievances to your *Pastours*, who are presumed to be best able to solve your doubts, and supply your spiritual wants, and who *only* are intrusted by Christ as his Delegates to *absolve* sincere *Penitents* from all their sins.

Consider, Fourthly, that you have been often importuned in the former Exhortation before the *Communion*, to repair to your

your *own*, or (in case of his sickness, impotent age, or any like infirmity) some *other discreet and learned Minister of Gods Word, and to open your grief to Him, that ye may receive ghostly comfort, counsel and Absolution for the relief of your distressed Consciences.* And how many sad instances did our late Times produce of those, who by neglecting this (very) *old* Christian Duty, and puzzling their Brains with *new* Notions of Gods unsearchable *Decrees*, not only lost their *Wits*, but fell into utter despair of ever being *saved?*

Consider, Lastly, how provident and tender your Mother the Church is, lest your *secrets* should be at any time betrayed, your *privacies* made *publick* by an unfaithful or imprudent *Confessour:* for in her 113 Canon she pronounces such an one *Irregular ipso facto:* that is to say, the party so offending doth not only forfeit all the *Ecclesiastical* Preferments which he hath at the present, but renders himself uncapable of receiving any other for the time to come: and *Confession* made upon such security, will be as saving to the *fame* of the Penitent, as the *Absolution* to his *Soul*, as the Learned Doctor *H.* well observes,

And so I conclude all with my hearty Prayers to God for you, that He would enlighten and quit your Minds from all Prejudices, and incline your Wills to the unanimous and speedy practice of so important a Christian Duty, (or Priviledge rather) so immediately concerning the advancement of *Gods* Glory, the redeeming the Honour of His *Priests*, and the eternal Salvation of your own *Souls*, through Christ our Lord. *Amen. Amen.*

POST,

POSTSCRIPT.

THeſe Papers had long ſince been in the Preſs, but that I heard of a ſecond Part of the *Contempt* of the *Clergy* coming out, by the *ſame* Author, which I was willing to ſee and peruſe before I publiſhed them. And although I find it to be another mans Province to make a Reply to that, (if yet ſuch a trifling piece of Impertinence be worthy of any) and am reſolved not to be ſo pragmatical, as to thruſt my Sicle into another mans Field; yet I think my ſelf concerned briefly to animadvert upon thoſe particular paſſages therein, whereby the Author ſeems to mince the matter, and excuſe himſelf, or put by the thruſts, and weaken any argument I have made againſt his firſt

Let-

Letter. I begin with thoſe paſſages, where he alters the ſcene, and commends the *Learning* and *Wiſdom* of our Clergy, which (ſaith he, *pag.* 33.) the *whole world have always admired, and have reaſon ſtill to do, and our Adverſaries to dread.* And again, *pag.* 35. *I know no reaſon to deny that the Clergy of the Land doth daily conſiderably improve.* And again, *pag.* 184. *It is a ſign of nothing but perfect madneſs, ignorance, and ſtupidity not to acknowledge that the preſent Church of* England *affords as conſiderable Scholars, and as ſolid and eloquent Preachers, as are any where to be found in the whole Chriſtian World.* This is ſomewhat like; I hope we ſhall bring him to ſpeak truth in time. Now our Clergy is either ſtrangely improved in a very ſhort ſpace, or elſe *T. B.* hath changed his mind; for it is not a year ago ſince he laid the imputation of *Ignorance* and *Folly* upon the very ſame

Clergy

Clergy to which he now attributes ſo much *Learning* and *Wiſdom*. I have already ſhewn that his *firſt* Letter is built upon a falſe foundation, and conſequently, that the ſuperſtructure thereof is as weak and ſenſleſs, as if he had ſpoil'd ſo much paper to give us an account of the grounds and reaſons why a Tub ſhould hold as much water with a Carp of twenty inches long in it, as without it, when all this while, upon experiment, there is no ſuch matter: and I have only this to ſay now, that he makes us but a poor requital in this; He firſt breaks our head, and then pretends to give us a Plaiſter. He calls us all at naught, and then ſays he did not *deſign* or intend us harm: He wounds and ſtabs our Reputation ſo deep, that it's paſt his skill to cure it ſuddenly (as good a Mountebanck as he would be thought) without leaving a dreadful ſcar behind; and he is much obli-

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ged to the world, if they will rather credit these his second thoughts, and take them to be as unalterable as his last Will and Testament.

In the next place he is forced to confess what I had urged at large against him, by acquainting us (p.62.) who they were he chiefly intended to charge with *rude, immodest*, and *almost blasphemous discourses* in the Pulpit, and putting them off with those *little* mollifying sentences, as *it were*, as *I may so say*, *and with reverence be it spoken*; they *were those* (says he) *who in the late times* (*and have not as yet left it off*) *called themselves God's special Saints, his Favourites, and* (as I *may so say*) *his Intimado's, but in reality were more Oliver's than Gods*; (meaning, I suppose, St. *Hugh Peters*, who was canoniz'd at *Charing-Cross*, and the rest of those Trumpeters of Sedition who were Chaplains to that Grand *Usurper*.) And again, to stop the

the *Non-Conformists* mouth, he tells them (*p.* 101.) *that their dear Brethren are as much concerned as any body else* (in his first Letter) *and have as great a share in those Instances that are produced out of idle Sermons*: So that his way of arguing is most prodigiously clear and convincing (as I have formerly intimated.) *Peters* and *Sterry*, &c. preacht Rebellion, and Treason, and Blasphemies: *ergo*, the present Clergy did cut off the Kings Head. Now I appeal to all mankind, if it be fair play to make a Linsey-woolsey History of Conformists and Non-conformists, of the Loyal and Orthodox Sons of *Levi*, and those perfidious Apostated Sons of *Korah*, without all manner of distinction, (they being of more irreconcilable Principles and Practices, than a Protestant and a Papist,) and then father the faults of the guilty upon the innocent; as *Nero* charged the Christians with

with firing of *Rome*, when he knew it was done by himſelf, and his own Faction. Nay, he is not content to do it himſelf only, but brings in the reverend Mr. *Thorndike* to bear falſe witneſs for him (*pag.* 81. of the firſt Letter) by wreſting his words from their intended and plain ſenſe, as his manner is: for the *uſual Preaching* Mr. *Th.* chaſtiſeth as a *hinderance rather* of *Salvation*, is that of the factious Separatiſts, (not of our Orthodox Clergy) whom he there calls *their* Preachers, and charges them further with their *Will-worſhip* Prayers after *Sermon*, whereby *evil Doctrine* (ſaith he) is *repeated to God, for a bleſſing of his Spirit upon it*, as you may ſee at large in his Book of *Juſt Weights and Meaſures*, cap. 22. pag. 152, 153. And therefore this *ingenuous* Gentleman muſt not think to ſhelter himſelf under the ſober Author of the *Friendly Debate* his wing (although he would

would fain make him his Voucher and Paralel, *page* 83.) for the *compariſon* (as I may ſo ſay) is very odious. A Garment ſuited to the fickle *Moon*, cannot well fit the conſtant *Sun*. Surely there is ſome ſmall difference between *one* that relates the *true* and *real* abſurdities of *falſe* Brethren, ſpurious Church-men, who have renounc'd the Faith of Engliſh Chriſtians; and *another*, that preſumes to pin *falſe* ſtories and fooleries upon our *true* genuine and learned Clergy: as much as to ſay, becauſe *that Author* calls it *murder* to kill a man upon the Kings High way, *ours* may be allowed to ſay it is alſo *murder* for a Judge to ſentence a Felon to die, upon Conviction, or for the Executioner to do his Office.

In other places he makes a face as if he had a mind to commence Modeſty, eat his words, repent of his manner of expreſſion, and perſwade us

us of his good meaning, and honeſt intentions at the bottom: for he ſays (*pag.* 81.) *I am not yet come to that degree of ſelf-conceit and confidence, as to recommend my own words, phraſe, or ſtyle; and I had rather the Anſwerer ſhould find fault with the manner of my expreſſion, and delight himſelf in thinking, that it is not ſuitable to the ſubject, than be guilty of ſo much folly and impudence, as vigorouſly to maintain or magnifie the ſame: Only thus much Sir* (ſpeaking to *R. L.* his endeared Friend) *may poſſibly be believed by you, and perhaps by ſome few beſides, that I did not put in one idle or extravagant word on purpoſe to render any of the Clergy contemptible, but did only juſt endeavour to keep people awake till they read it.* And again (*pag.* 91.) *In my firſt Letter I did rather make it my buſineſs to give a ſhort Hiſtory of what was derided or blamed, than ſtudie to invent or complain of what might be*

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repreſented unprofitable, or ridiculous: And (*pag.* 101.) *It was altogether againſt my deſign to bring any of the Clergy into contempt*, &c. A fair profeſſion one would think, but it muſt be examined with much tenderneſs and charity, or there will be found very little of reality in it: For if it be *folly* and *Impudence* to maintain the *ſtyle* and manner of *expreſſion* in the *firſt* Letter, as not *ſuitable* to the *ſubject*, why does he carry on the Metaphor, and continue the ſame ſtrain in the ſecond? He ſays further, he did not put in one *idle* or *extravagant* word (into the firſt part) on *purpoſe* to make any of the *Clergy Contemptible*; and 'tis ſtrange men will not believe him, when they find it one great buſineſs of his *ſecond* Adventure, to *keep people awake* ſtill, that is, to rake up ſome hundreds of *idle extravagant* words, meerly to expoſe his *Anſwerer*, who is *one* of the *Clergy*. No queſtion

ſtion it was altogether *againſt* his *Deſign* to bring his *Anſwerer* (and the reſt of his Brethren) into *Contempt*, when he laughs all along, rather than writes at him, and only tickles the skirts of the buſineſs with affected flouriſhes, anſwering his moſt material objections, with fine ſtories of a *Cock* and a *Bull*, and *Heyte Teyte's*, or to *morrow* morning I found a *Horſeſhooe*; but I muſt tell him, that, to perſwade the world we *intend* no hurt, and deſign honeſtly, when our actions viſibly run counter, is an old, an antiquated *cheat* that will not down with wiſe men now adays, being fit to be owned by none but ſuch ungodly miſcreants, as could take up Arms againſt, and at length murder their lawful *Sovereign*, under pretence of *meaning well* all this while, and *intending* only to make him a *glorious* King.

To proceed; better late than never,

never, (*p.* 86.) he takes notice that the *Biſhops have augmented the Vicarages in their gift*, (and who knows but he *intended* to put in the Deans and Chapters too) and tells us of *ſums* of *money* employed towards the redeeming of the *great Tithes*, *of Impropriations reſtored*, and of the *good Inclinations* of this preſent *Parliament*, &c. but this ſhould have been done in his firſt Letter by right, and perhaps he had done it there, but that he *did* not think on't; or rather becauſe he *did* think on't: for it would have taken off ſomewhat from the *Poverty* and ſhrimpedneſs of his Clergy, he was then deſcribing. However he falls to *ſalving* again at the foot of this page, ſaying, *I hope I have ſaid nothing to abate the charity, or good purpoſes of pious Benefactors, or to ſtop the aſſiſting hands of our preſent Governours.* No? then he is infinitely obliged to them that they don't be-

lieve him; for if all thoſe he calls the *Poor Clergy*, be ſo *Ignorant* as he makes them, (aſſigning the particular reaſons to ſhew it impoſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe, *viz.* their mean Education, want of *Money*, *Books*, *Time*, and ſuch other things, without which few men prove very great Scholars) 'Tis pity their maintenance ſhould be made better; 30 *l. per an.* being rather too large and magnificent an allowance for ſuch pitiful fellows as he moſt invidiouſly and falſly makes them. But thanks be to God, our preſent Governours and Benefactors don't take all for current Goſpel that every gifted Lay-Brother talks at rovers, knowing full well that the generality even of our inferiour Clergy are of good worth and note; and ſee no ſhadow of reaſon in *both* his *Letters* (nor ever will in an *hundred* more of the ſame ſtamp) to alter their *noble* and *pious* Intentions.

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Lastly, whereas he fancies (*page* 101.) that, *if any are so weak, and so regardless as to mistake him*, (viz. by thinking his design was to bring the Clergy into Contempt) *they are either some of the giddy and soft-headed Non-Conformists, or some of the idle and inconsiderable Laity*, I must assure him that a very great part of the *Orthodox* Clergy and most *considerable* Laity too are very much of the same opinion, it being past their skill to find out any more rational and plausible end that should prompt him to make such an Adventure in *English*, since, had he clothed his Discourse in (that so much despised thing called) *Latine*, it could not have been half so obnoxious. And albeit in the sequel of his discourse he bids the *Papists*, *Non-Conformists*, *conceited* new *Philosophists*, modish *Gallants*, *Hectors*, and *Atheists* of the age hold their tongues, showing he can make

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the beſt of them all ridiculous if he pleaſe; yet what ſatisfaction is this to the injured *Clergy*? he ſends them more company indeed, but ſuch as they never much delighted in; and he muſt not think he can undeceive ſuch men with as much eaſe as he hath deceived them: for (let him write till Doomſday to the contrary) they will take him at his firſt word, and believe he hath given them ſufficient reaſon, *grounds*, and *occaſion* to blaſpheme the *holy Function*. In the mean time, ſince, a man of this Authors parts and confidence may play with any *other ſubject* in the world as well as *this*, and abuſe any profeſſion of men whether Gentry, Lawyers, Phyſicians, Citizens, *&c.* whilſt he takes the liberty of ſaying what he pleaſes, by inventing falſe ſtories, adding to, perverting, and wreſting ſuch as are, in part, true, and carrying on the whole

whole work of a Romancer, I hope all ſober Chriſtians, will think never the worſe of, but rather increaſe their eſteem and good opinion of ſo *Reverend* and *Learned* a Clergy.

FINIS.